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LITERATURE.

The Raja of Sarawak. An Account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., LL.D.; given chiefly through Letters and Journals. By Gertrude L. Jacob. In Two Volumes; with Portrait and Maps. (London : Macmillan & Co., 1876.)

It is a humiliating reflection that, though little more than eight years have passed since he was laid in his grave, already the question is being asked, "Who was the Raja of Sarawak?"

James Brooke was born at Secrore, a suburb of Benares, on April 29, 1803. His father was an officer in the Indian Civil Service, in the good old days of "John Company," and succeeded in amassing a handsome fortune. He kept his son, James, in India till he was twelve years old, and it was not till 1815 that he was sent to England to the care of his paternal grandmother, by whom for some reason or other, which remains unexplained, he was put under Mr. Edward Valpy, then head-master of Norwich School. He cared so little for his schoolmaster that he brought his school career to a close by running away; but all through his life, even to the end, his closest and dearest friends were they who had been his schoolfellows, and some of his most interesting letters are addressed to the old chums of his boyhood. In 1819 he received an ensign's commission in the Indian army. In the Burmese War in 1825 he received public thanks for his bravery, and was wounded by a slug which lodged in one lung; his wound drove him home. On his return to India in 1830 untoward circumstances prevented him from arriving at his Presidency by the time when he was due, and he had to pay the penalty for his delay by forfeiting his commission in the Company's service. He set out from England in a vessel called the *Castle Huntley*. When he resigned his commission he took to the ship again, and hence he made his first acquaintance with the China Sea, for the *Castle Huntley* was bound for Canton. His resignation of his commission proved the crisis of his life, for from the day that he sailed into the Eastern Archipelago the dream of exploring the unknown islands of those waters, and the hope of becoming in some way or other a beneficent power among the wild races that peopled them, grew into ever-increasing distinctness. At first Brooke seems to have had a vague notion of effecting something by quasi-missionary efforts; then he persuaded himself—and, unfortunately, another gentleman also, who entered

into partnership with him—that a mixed scheme of trade, science, and philanthropy would bring grand results, and he actually embarked in the luckless enterprise on board a brig of 290 tons burden as early as 1834. "The Indian Archipelago," he says, "the north-east coast of China, Japan, New Guinea, and the Pacific, is the unlimited sphere of our adventure. The sea is wide and deep, and, possessing courage and energy, it is strange if we cannot catch fish." He caught no fish, however: the partners came to a rupture. One was all for trade-profits, the other for adventure; the *Findlay* was sold. But the failure of this first attempt had taught Brooke a lesson or two which he was not slow to learn. He had acquired increased familiarity with the sea, and convinced himself that as a trader he could never succeed. Once more in England, in 1835, he spent his time in yachting—restless and impatient for the day when he might once more be engaged in active life. In the winter of this year his father died and left him 30,000*l.* In the spring of 1836 he purchased the *Royalist*. He spent the next year in perfecting himself in navigation, and with a picked crew sailed about the Mediterranean—keeping his eyes open as usual and never losing sight of what by this time had become the fixed purpose of his life, a voyage to Borneo.

"Could I carry my vessel to places where the keel of European ship never before ploughed the waters—could I plant my foot where white man's foot had never before been—could I gaze upon scenes which educated eyes had never looked on—see man in the rudest state of nature—I should be content without looking to further rewards. I can indeed say truly that I have no object of personal ambition, no craving for personal reward: these things sometimes flow attendant on worthy deeds or bold enterprises, but they are at best but consequences, not principal objects."

Thus he writes in November, 1838, when at last the great start was about to be made. If there was a vein of Quixotism in the man, at any rate there was none of the paltriness of the huckster. Such enthusiasts seem to the pettifogger idle dreamers—they really are the pioneers of the great army of civilisation. Before this letter was written Brooke had not been idle in his efforts to interest others in his plans. He drew up a very able paper—which appeared in part in the *Athenaeum*, and an abstract of which was printed in the *Journal of the Geographical Society* for 1838—entering into some details as to the object of his voyage. Miss Jacob has done wisely in printing it *in extenso*. It is, considering how little was known of the Indian Archipelago at the time, and how difficult it then was to obtain trustworthy information, a very masterly document, and even now deserves careful reading. It attracted great attention: the Admiralty placed all their charts and books at Mr. Brooke's disposal; the British Museum offered him every assistance, and apparently he became for a time a "lion." In the limits of an article it would be impossible to give even an abstract of the remarkable paper referred to. It must be sufficient to say that the first point to which the *Royalist* was to sail after touching at Singapore was Malluda Bay. And here I must needs stop to pick a quarrel with Miss Jacob. Although

at least two excellent charts—excellent as far as they go—of the Indian Archipelago are readily accessible, one in Captain Mundy's work, and the other and much more pretentious one in Admiral Keppel's *Voyage of the Maeander*, we find ourselves in Miss Jacob's work put off with an almost worthless chromolithograph map on a very small scale, which, as regards the incidents dealt with in the first volume, is almost utterly worthless, and in which the very name of Malluda Bay is not to be found. When we turn to the much better map of a portion of Borneo in the second volume the reader may almost be forgiven if, by the time he has half-forgotten Malluda Bay, he fails to discover it perched up, as if ashamed of itself, in the north-east corner.

When Sir James Brooke arrived at Sarawak on August 1, 1839, the Sultan of Borneo's Empire was in a condition of the wildest misrule.

"In fact," says Brooke, in one of his journals, "the Prince and his chief rob all classes of Malays to the utmost of their power; the Malays rob the Dyaks; and the Dyaks hide their goods as much as they dare, consistent with the safety of their wives and children. . . . Such is the miserable state of things; such is the wretched condition of a country where the choicest productions, mineral and vegetable, abound; so miserable, indeed, that I believe, spite of all my former prepossessions in favour of a Malay State, that any change must be for the better, and I do not believe that any change would be resisted by the mass of the people" (vol. i., 190).

The Dyaks here mentioned are the inhabitants of Borneo, subject to the Sultan of Brunei; they are not Malays, but neither is it easy to say to what race they belong. Of course they claim to be the aborigines of the island, which it is certain they cannot be; their history is wrapped in an impenetrable obscurity, and it would be idle here to enter into discussions regarding them. They are divided into tribes, governed by their hereditary chieftains, and hold their territory as fiefdoms under the Sultan of Borneo; to him they paid tribute, and in return were allowed to do as they pleased. Their chief pleasure was war and piracy. That they were the dreaded pirates of the Archipelago, and the terror and scourge of peaceful traders, is now no longer disputed. Once out upon a raid, they knew no mercy. One of their customs, which dated from time immemorial, was that no young man might marry a wife until he could present to his bride the head of an "enemy" which he had cut off with his own hand. Head-taking with these savages was a passion, and when Brooke came first among them the chief ornaments of every Dyak house were the rows of ghastly heads hanging from the rafters. A little while before the *Royalist* dropped her anchor in the Sarawak river, the Dyak chiefs had broken out into rebellion against their Suzerain, the Sultan of Borneo: the oppression and greed of that worthy had become unbearable, and the Dyaks had refused their tribute. Muda Hassein, the Sultan's uncle, had been sent to quell the insurgents in the province of Sarawak, and had found his task greater than he could well accomplish. Brooke's arrival proved critical. How the Englishman was induced to stay; to visit the Dyaks;

to receive visits from the pirate chiefs; to promise support and friendship to Muda Hassein; how he at last found himself entangled in the war; and how by his help, and under his leadership, the war came to an end, and the Dyak chieftains submitted—all this must be read in Miss Jacob's volume, and a more interesting, not to say exciting, story it would be difficult to find. The end of this strange business was that, subject to the approval and sanction of the Sultan, Muda Hassein agreed to cede to Mr. Brooke the province of Sarawak, he holding the territory as a vassal of the Sultan, paying tribute, but in other respects free to govern as he chose. Eventually he ceased to be a vassal, and became an independent sovereign. On September 24, 1841, James Brooke began his reign as Raja of Sarawak, ruler of a territory as large as Wales, but rich in resources that any second-rate Power in Europe might envy.

They who read Miss Jacob's book—and all should read it: all who are under the delusion that in our time there is no scope for heroism, and no place for romantic adventure, and no field for enterprise and ambition—will see how incident is crowded upon incident, and struggle upon struggle, till in the very abundance of materials that come to her hand the authoress can scarcely stop to give sufficient distinctness to her wonderful narrative. The Raja of Sarawak had indeed a hard game to play, and he played it wisely; the astonishing activity of the man, intellectual and bodily, was marvellous. He gave his people laws; he taught them the blessings of peace and commerce; he put down piracy with a stern hand; he abolished the detestable head-taking (till now the custom is a thing of the past); he planted among them Christianity; he made his power felt and his name dreaded far and wide by the sheer force of his transcendent abilities and the nobleness of his character. When he came back to England he was not spoiled by becoming the "talk of the town," or by all the honours and applause and adulation which welcomed him home; and when the bitterest calumny was hurled at him, and such a persecution assailed him as might well daunt and even crush the ablest, he bore up against it with a gallantry that showed him worthy to be a king, and came out of it victorious, though not without weariness and the sense of having been grievously wronged. But all this must be read in Miss Jacob's book: it would be an injustice to attempt to summarise what she has found it hard enough to condense so well.

Nor, again, does it appear to me that any extract, or collection of extracts, would serve to give the reader any fair idea of the splendid and exuberant eloquence with which the Raja spoke and wrote. When Captain Keppel heard him address some Dyak chiefs in 1849, he describes him as speaking with unexampled fluency and power. His speech at the London Tavern in 1852 is characterised by a dignified and manly earnestness in sentiment and language for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. Apart from the matter in his journals and letters, the vigour and grace of his style could hardly be surpassed. They who are

inclined to shrink from two close-printed volumes such as these have only to begin, and they will hardly wish for less than they find.

I am sorry to close this article with anything approaching to censure, yet one word must be spoken. Miss Jacob does not understand the art of book-making, and I sincerely trust that in her second edition—and surely the first impression ought speedily to be disposed of—she may show herself more considerate for the weaknesses of her fellow-creatures. The portrait is a blurred caricature of a man broken down and exhausted. The absence of maps is a very serious defect; almost as serious is the absence of any table of contents, or even headings on the top of the pages. The success of the book, I fear, will be materially interfered with by the lack of all mechanical helps to a slow reader. It would be difficult to produce a book in which it is so hard to "find your place," or hunt up a passage which you have once lost. People ought not to be put off with a mere index in a work of this kind. Still, on the whole the work has been well done; it is evident that it has been a labour of love, and can only have been executed at the cost of very great pains and much research. Unreservedly and heartily I commend it.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

Poems. By E. Dowden. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1876.)

THE word subjective has been so hardly worked that one scarcely likes to use it in reference to Mr. Dowden's poems. These are generally the expression of some mood of the individual mind, wrought upon by some transient gleam of light, or passage of shadow, on moor or sea, or by some hint in ancient art, or modern experience. To tell the truth, it is not always easy to be interested in the expression, always reserved and shy, of emotions or fancies with which the reader is not in sympathy. Where one does not care for a poem of Mr. Dowden's, as one may not happen to care for "La Révélation par le Désert," or for other verses informed by a somewhat mystic religious sentiment, it is fair to pause and say, "The time was, or the time may be, when this would have found me." Indeed, this mood is forced on anyone who would be just to these poems, because it is not every day that one is lying on a precipice above the sea, or even anxious to hear what Mr. Dowden has to say about the charms of that situation; nor yet is it every day that one tries to "get the absolute into a corner," or wishes to learn how Mr. Dowden succeeded in the same quest. The book is one for thoughtful people, and for the country, where one can drink "le vin de sa propre pensée," not for the city, where nothing lovely is to be seen, and where petty matters force themselves on the mind. "The Fountain," the opening poem, may be referred to as a musical and sufficient criticism of the book, where the author describes his aim and his talent more pleasantly and truly than they can be described in prose.

Among verses inspired by Art one may select the "Venus of Melos," as a very happy reproduction in words of the beauty and

sentiment of the marble woman sculptured, according to a contemporary, by Milo:—

" Goddess, or woman nobler than the God,
No eyes agaze upon Aegean seas
Shifting and circling past their Cyclades
Saw thee. The Earth, the gracious Earth, was
trod

First by thy feet, while round thee lay her broad
Calm harvests, and great kine, and shadowing trees,
And flowers like queens, and a full year's increase,
Clusters, ripe berry, and the bursting pod.
So thy victorious fairness, unallied
To bitter things or barren, doth bestow
And not exact; so thou art calm and wise;
Thy large allurement saves; a man may grow
Like Plutarch's men by standing at thy side,
And walk thenceforward with clear-visioned eyes."

Perhaps the poem weakens at the close, but the earlier lines well interpret the charm of this Aphrodite, born, one might say, from the billows of blown wheat-fields rather than from the foam of the "bitter brackish element."

"On the Heights" is a poem of the pleasures of acquiescence in nature, the nature of earth, and life, not of the sea, with its strange power of deadening the consciousness of those who gaze on it. Mr. Dowden here renounces—

" Veiled, nameless things, frauds of the unfilled heart,
Fantastic pleasures, delicate sadnesses,
The lurid, and the curious, and the occult,
And long unnatural uses of dim life."

One might wish to save a little of the curious, perhaps, but the occult and the unnatural are perilous stuff, of which it is well to be well rid. The sonnet on a peach is a little curious, for instance. Mr. Dowden wishes to be a peach, "if any sense in mortal dust remains," and when he is quite ripe—

" O'er two ripe-red
Girl lips, O let me richly swoon away."

Keats might have liked this, but yet he would have thought it a little "curious."

Also there is something almost lurid in "On the Sea Cliff":—

" Ruins of a church with its miraculous well,
O'er which the Christ, a squat-limbed dwarf of stone,
Great-eyed, and huddled on his cross, has known
The sea mists, and the sunshine, stars that fell
And stars that rose, fierce winter's chronicle,
And centuries of dead summers. From his throne
Fronting the dawn, the elf has reigned alone,
And saved this region fair from Pagan hell.
Tura! June's fair joy abroad; each bird, flower,
stream

Love's life, love's love; wide ocean amorously
Spreads to the sun's embrace; the dulse weeds sway,
The glad gulls are afloat. Grey Christ, to-day
Our ban on thee! Rise, let the white breasts
gleam,
Unvanquished Venus of the northern sea."

It is, of course, only the priestly and monastic conception of Him who considered the lilies of the field that Mr. Dowden found out of harmony with summer.

"Ascetic Nature" is a kind of palinode, not less worthy of quotation.

Mr. Dowden's sonnets are technically better in form, and perhaps more interesting in thought, than his poems in blank verse. In "The Heroines" there is a new conception of Helen, as careless of everything through her love of Theseus. These are fine lines:—

"Wide the web I make,
Fine tissue, costly as the Gods desire,
Shot with a gleaming woof of lives and deaths,
Inwrought with colours, flowerlike, piteous, strange."

In "News from London" the poet con-

trasts chatter about "Irving and the Italian" with

"The live sea hollows, and moving mounds grey green,"
the flying foam bow, the bees in the heather,
made salt with spray of the sea, far better
things than "garbs of new opinion" and
"fame world-without-end, sprouted last
night." One would like to compare his
"Swallows" with Gautier's; here is a touch
the Frenchman missed:—

" Yet somewhere mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave,
At noon, or when the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone-by
Will stir strange longings, fill the heart
For a small world embowered and close,
Of which ye sometime were a part."

By turning to "The Secret of the Universe," the reader will find a curious example of Mr. Dowden's versatility, and, in his "Spinning Dervish," a strange *tour de force* in poetry and philosophy. Among poems with which one has too little sympathy to be able to criticise them is "The Initiation." Indeed, all the series called "The Inner Life" is a little hard, except "Darwinism in Morals;" but one would rather discuss the origins of savage religion, a delightful theme, in prose with a prose writer. "Beau Rivage Hotel" reminds one of Mr. Whistler's drawings, in its unfinished grace and delicate incompleteness.

When Mr. Dowden says "Why do I sing? I know not why, my friend," the answer is ready enough, because he has verses worth giving to the world, even if they are not such as make a "fame world-without-end" sprout in a night. One is brought to that conclusion in spite of the defective sympathy which makes whole wide spaces of verse seem rather arid and bleak. Where one man does not find profit or pleasure, another will; and all who care for poetry are likely to agree in enjoying many things in Mr. Dowden's volume.

A. LANG.

MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, &c. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. In Two Volumes. (London: R. Bentley & Son, 1877.)

THESE two volumes contain letters and critical jottings written by Elizabeth Barrett during the seven years, 1839-46, which immediately preceded her marriage, addressed, partly in the way of literary gossip, partly on literary business, to her friend Mr. Horne. In presenting the complete correspondence to the public, Mr. Horne has added to its biographic value by throwing it into the form of a narrative-sketch in which the letters are made to fall one by one into their places in something like chronological order. His first introduction to Miss Barrett, he tells us, was by a note from a friend, "enclosing one from the young lady containing a short poem with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry or merely verse." Mr. Horne's mind being very soon made up on that point, the poem was forwarded to Mr. Bulwer, who was at that time editing *Colburn's New Monthly*, in which periodical it

presently made its appearance. "It was thus my happiness," adds Mr. Horne, with an honest pride, "to be instrumental in first introducing Miss E. B. Barrett to the literary world." It is a natural consequence of the character of this narrative that it should tell us as much about Mr. Horne as it does of the writer of the letters. Nor is this to be altogether regretted. Both for what he is in himself and for what he represents, the author of *Orion* has independent claims upon our interest.

Miss Barrett's letters to Mr. Horne contain some interesting comments upon her own life. She was at that time, and had been for many years, an invalid, reputedly a confirmed one, shut up, often for months together, in her dull London room in her father's house in Wimpole Street, with only the society of her books, her little dog Flush, and one or two intimate friends. "My story," she tells Mr. Horne, "amounts to the knife-grinder's, with nothing at all for a catastrophe. A bird in a cage would have as good a story." This shut-in existence only compelled her to a greater literary industry—an industry, she confesses herself, without a system.

"So you think I never read Fenblanche, or Sydney Smith, or Junius, perhaps? . . . I read without principle. I have a sort of unity indeed, but it amalgamates instead of selecting—do you understand? When I had read the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, right through, and was never stopped by the Chaldee—and the Greek poets, and Plato, right through from end to end—I passed as thoroughly through the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of the multitudinous Celestinas. It is only useful knowledge and the multiplication table I never tried hard at."

She regrets all this omnivorousness very honestly, and adds:—"The fact is that the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call 'whittling.'"

In 1841 this lady's knowledge and reading were put to a severe test. It was at this date that Wordsworth and some of his friends set on foot a project for "giving the world for the first time," says Mr. Horne, "a true yet polished modernisation of the Father of English Poetry." The work was to be done jointly by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss Barrett, Robert Bell, Monckton Milnes, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, and Mr. Horne. Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt successively declined the editorship of this modernised Chaucer; but Wordsworth wrote to London, having seen specimens of the "modernisations" of several of his co-workers, to say that Mr. Horne's rendering of "The Franklin's Tale" was "as well done as any lover of Chaucer's poetry need or can desire," and, when the editorship was offered to Mr. Horne, he gladly accepted it—"little dreaming," however, of the troublesomeness of the task that lay before him. The principle expounded by Mr. Horne at the outset was that the best method of modernisation would be "gracefully and poetically to retain as much of the original language of Chaucer as possible." Wordsworth, Miss Barrett, and the rest, were obedient; but Leigh Hunt was from the first refractory, and the longer he worked at the "modernisation"

the less like Chaucer and the more like Leigh Hunt he grew. The poems of "Queen Annelida and False Arcite" and "The Complaint of Annelida" were done by Miss Barrett, and Mr. Horne has given some specimens of her work side by side with Chaucer's original. Little can be said in favour of what was only part of a very bad scheme. Mr. Horne has cherished among his literary relics a printer's proof of a part of his own modernisation of "The Franklin's Tale" with Miss Barrett's comments on the margin. He was in the habit, he tells us, of sending her these sheets as they came from the press for her advice and revision. Hence such marginal notes as the following:—

"R. H. 'His presence aye desiring so distracteth.'
"E. B. B. Why not 'The yearning for his presence so constraineth'?"

To which Mr. Horne replies,

"Yes; far better."

Again:—

"R. H. 'Or else the sorrow had her heart y-slain.'
"E. B. B. Dare you say 'y-slain'? Why not 'tho' sorrow had her heart been slain'?"

To which, again, Mr. Horne submissively,

"Yes, more prudently, and perhaps as good."

The editor had certainly the best of it in this proof-margin warfare; for even when he tampered most with Chaucer's text he had still the fine old cadence in his ear. But Miss Barrett was too much for him. The book was at length published. Wordsworth wrote about it to his American friends, recommending especially Mr. Horne's "Franklin's Tale" as "very well done." But it was all in vain. The unscholarly scheme fell dead, as it deserved, and the second volume of the work never appeared.

In 1844 Mr. Horne edited another literary undertaking, called *The New Spirit of the Age*. This was intended to be the successor of Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* of twenty years before, and contained a series, almost entirely new, of critical biographies of contemporary men and women. For the facts and opinions in these Mr. Horne held himself responsible, but he gladly used and acknowledged the assistance of "several eminent individuals." Chief among his coadjutors was Miss Barrett, and some of the critiques were written in about equal proportions by them both. "This was done," says Mr. Horne, "at first in separate manuscripts; and then each interpolated the work of the other 'as the spirit moved.'" Miss Barrett's contributions appear to have taken the form, in the first instance, of letters to Mr. Horne, parts of which he made over bodily to his own manuscript. The plan was a strange one, but suited the circumstances, and Mr. Horne was so complete a master of the scissors that the points of junction were nowhere visible to the uninitiated. To those of us who happen to have an old copy of the book beside us—it has been out of print for thirty years—it may be of interest to compare the original letters now before us with it, and to ascertain what, in the book, was Mrs. Browning's and what was Mr. Horne's. The main impression to be derived from the comparison is that a very little real matter goes a long way to make a good letter. The book is a poor and rather verbose one, and fell out

of fashion after a very short popularity. The letters, on the contrary, which then helped to make the book, are undoubtedly excellent specimens of their kind. Even yet, with the dust of years upon them, they are bright with the spirit that wrote them. Many of Miss Barrett's comments and notes upon her literary contemporaries did not, of course, find their way into the book, or only in a modified form; and these are, on the whole, the most readable portion of the two volumes now published. Her judgments are pleasantly and frankly expressed, warm-hearted and womanly. In spite of her limited means of observation she is sagacious and far-sighted; indeed, her knowledge of men and books cannot but astonish us when we remember her long imprisonment, the "weary minstrel-life" that she herself so often deplores. The sunny side of her mind is seen in these letters of literary chat rather than in her poetry of the same period. There is no strained effort at composition in them. Prometheus and the demi-gods are in abeyance; there is scarcely a touch of morbid reflectiveness; but throughout only a pretty pensive-ness, dashed with a sunlight vivacity, a readiness of allusion, a lively interest in events and persons, and a winning confidgness. The splendid reputations of some of her contemporaries trouble her, but there is nothing small-spirited or envious in her complainings. Sir Henry Taylor and his "passionless" *Philip Van Artevelde*, and the Reverend Robert Montgomery with his white pocket-handkerchief and "twenty-and-something edition" of *Satan*, are treated with no little severity; Barry Cornwall, for his "pretty words" and "effeminateness," with scarcely less; and even to her friend "Orion," when their sympathies clash, she does not spare the rod. But if she is merciless to her fellow-poets, Miss Barrett is all the more to be noted for her prevailing charity and good nature towards her feminine contemporaries. She has not a hard word to say of one of them—if, indeed, we except poor Miss Strickland, whose election, in 1843, in company with her favourite Miss Mitford, to the honorary membership of the Literary Institute fairly ruffles her. She rates Mr. Horne soundly because he has done "no manner of justice" to Mrs. Trollope's powers of caricature; reminds him that "Mrs. Gore's wit should be specially mentioned;" has a word of sympathy for Mrs. Norton, some of whose verses "go deep and true, and are as tenderly written as ink mixed with tears can write anything." She has an enthusiastic reverence for Miss Martineau, with whom she has carried on some pleasant correspondence; but her most intimate woman-friend during those years appears to have been the venerable and sunny-hearted authoress of *Our Village*, between whom and Mr. Horne she had early brought about an introduction. These two women, Mary Mitford and Elizabeth Barrett, form a curious but charming contrast, as of sunlight and moonlight, light and shadow, all through the two volumes.

The last portion of Mr. Horne's correspondence with Miss Barrett is occupied with an account of a controversy he had with her on the subject of Rhyme. Miss Barrett had on one occasion sent him her

poem the *Dead Pan*, and he made some very stout objections to her rhyme-endings; "tell us" and "Hellas," "silence" and "islands," were innovations no critic would stand, and the poem abounded with such. Of course Miss Barrett stood by her rhymes, and there was a brilliant skirmish on the subject. Mr. Horne, as usual, had the worst of it, and went off to Miss Mitford at Three Mile Cross—it was the strawberry season—for comfort and sympathy, "determined," he says, "to have the matter fully out with her in her garden summer-house in face of all the geraniums." Miss Mitford was disposed to range herself on his side. No half-rhymes nor assonances for this poetess of an old school! She was for throwing every possible difficulty into the way of the would-be poets, and saw nothing but danger in a system of easy rhyming. By slow steps the defeated critic coaxed the kind old poetess over to his ranks, and then bravely related to her the story of his controversy with Miss Barrett over the *Dead Pan* and the objectionable rhymes therein. "Bewildering" and "stilled in," "resounding" and "round him," "heaven" and "believing"—such were the sounds that fell on Miss Mitford's astonished ear. "Miss Mitford smiled like a summer morning, but shook her head. . . . These new theories of rhyme outraged her notions of propriety, and, much as she loved and admired Miss Barrett, she refused to entertain them," and was, indeed, half angry with Mr. Horne for his semi-submissiveness. At length she evolved a theory of her own to account for Miss Barrett's heterodoxy in the matter of rhymes. She remembers her friend's sick-room existence in Wimpole Street, with her one or two friends—one of them especially, who is in the habit of reading her new poems aloud to her, and whose reading Miss Barrett admires.

"So Mr. ——," continues Miss Mitford, "stands upon the hearthrug, and uplifts the manuscript and his voice, while our dear friend lies folded up in Indian shawls upon her sofa, with her long black tresses streaming over her bent-down head, all attention. Now, dear Mr. ——," she tells Mr. Horne, "has lost a front tooth—not quite a front one, but a side-front one—and this, you see, causes a defective utterance. It does not induce a lisp, nor a hissing kind of whistle, as with low people similarly circumstanced, but an amiable indistinctness, a vague softening of syllables into each other! So that *silence* and *ilance* would really sound very like one another, and so would *childrin* and *bewildrin*, *bacchantes* and *grant-us*: don't you see?"

The seven years' correspondence, with all its pleasant tit-for-tat disputes and mutual services, fell suddenly into a blissful silence in 1846—a silence broken only by one or two happy letters from Mrs. Browning, with an Italian postmark, and signed with her renowned double name.

ROSLINE ORME MASSON.

Eastern Persia: an Account of the Journeys of the Persian Boundary Commission, 1870-72. By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid and other Officers. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1876.)

THE region of which these two elaborate and interesting volumes treat is one of the

strangest and most picturesque in the world; but the term "Eastern Persia" conveys no adequate idea of it, because it includes great part of Balúchistan and those portions of Afghanistan contiguous to the Persian border. Indeed, Balúchistan, or Beloochistan, is the most prominent subject of these volumes; and the adjacent countries which were entered by the Boundary Commission are very similar to it in general character. Many years have elapsed since I travelled in Southern Balúchistan—at a time when journeying there was much more difficult and dangerous than it is now—but so picturesque is that land of deserts and flaming mountains which lies to the north of the Arabian Sea, that every day's journey, every scene I witnessed, remain almost as fresh as if they were of yesterday. The long lines of low sandy coast with their low jungle and bounded by high sandstone promontories; the vast flocks of many-coloured birds on the Púrálí river; the stretches of desert beyond; the sterile plateaus rising one above the other; the dark basalt precipices of the Hala; the red mountain peaks appearing in the dazzling sunlight like petrified tongues of flame; the green oases among the mountains; the cañons of the Afghans; the swarthy Balúch, and the brown Turanian Brahui, all contributed to form wonderful scenes which remain for ever deeply impressed upon the memory.

The literature of this mountainous desert region is somewhat scanty, which makes the volumes before us all the more valuable. Early in the present century Sir Henry Pottinger and Captain Christie passed up through Balúchistan, and so on into Persia, in the disguise of Persian horse-dealers; and the former of these travellers wrote what was once a well-known, and is still a very interesting, account of his journey. Masson, a deserter from the British army, also traversed large portions of Balúchistan, giving us a published account of them; and so did Captain Connolly, who afterwards perished at Bokhara. General Ferrier, a Frenchman in the employ of Persia, saw a good deal of the country in the neighbourhood of the Helmund, and published a voluminous account of his experiences. Our occupation of Khelat at the period of the Afghan War gave us much knowledge of Balúchistan; and at that time Outram distinguished himself by an extraordinarily rapid ride from Khelat to the sea. That town has been several times visited of late by officers commanding the Sind border, or their agents; and a few years ago Sir Henry Pelly rode down through Balúchistan, very nearly reversing Pottin-ger's route. Our relations with the Khan of Khelat, the Jam of Bela and other Balúch chiefs, have been considerably modified of late years; and partly, but only partly, in consequence of the necessity of securing their protection for the line of telegraph along the Balúch coast.

The works I have alluded to give a great deal of interesting information, but the authors were seldom in a safe position for gathering or noting down much information. It was otherwise with the members of the Boundary Commission, who were officially sent into this wild region by the Indian Government in order to determine the boun-

daries between Persia and Afghanistan, and Persia and Balúchistan, and at the professed desire of these three countries. A pretty full account of the circumstances which led to the appointment of this Commission is given by Major-General Sir Frederic Goldsmid, who has been off and on about that part of the world for very many years, and is the greatest living authority regarding it. At an early portion of his career he was chosen to be one of that well-known group of able men which Sir Bartle Frere gathered round himself in the administration of Sind. He was one of the "Sindians" as they came to be called, and one of the ablest and most indefatigable of them all. To the home public he became known by his arduous labours in connexion with the construction of the great land line of telegraph through Western Asia into Europe, and he was singularly well fitted for the command of the Boundary Commission, a command which eminently required, not only an officer of great courage, firmness and prudence, but also one intimately acquainted with the people of Central Asia. How admirably General Goldsmid succeeded in this difficult task is well known to his official superiors, and may be incidentally inferred from some of the pages of these volumes. His Introduction contains a masterly sketch of the relations for many, but especially of late, years between our Anglo-Indian Government and the adjacent countries of Afghanistan, Balúchistan, and Persia. It is well worthy the attention both of those military politicians who are in favour of a boldly aggressive policy on the western and northern frontiers of British India, and of that other party (now happily becoming insignificant) which used to hold by the fatal doctrine of "masterly inactivity." As a mere literary point, we cannot altogether approve of General Goldsmid, in his own Introduction, invariably speaking of himself as a separate person, and telling us, for instance, that, "after his arrival at Teheran, General Goldsmid telegraphed to the Government of India." Sir Henry Pottinger—in many respects a lesser man than himself—would never have written in this way; and, though it may be argued that the days for the action of individuality in the East are over, that is a delusion; for by the present system, so far from escaping the action of individuals, we only exchange the open action of long-tried, efficient, and distinguished public officers for the secret, dark, and often most injurious action of Government clerks.

By far the greater portion of the work before us has been contributed by General Goldsmid's coadjutors in the Boundary Commission. Major St. John, of the Royal Engineers, who has had much experience of Persia, in connexion with the Telegraph Department at Teheran and otherwise, contributes the second paper, that on the Physical Geography of Persia, which affords an admirable general view of that subject, and is illustrated by two valuable maps on the orography and hydrography of the country. His third paper is a narrative of a journey, starting from Gwadur, on the coast of Makrán, through Western Balúchistan and Southern Persia. This journey went over a good deal of new ground; and the

narrative of it must be interesting to the general reader, containing as it does many descriptions of a wild and strange people. Captain Beresford Lovett, also a R.E., follows with a short account of his journey in Balúchistan, to which are prefixed some capital sections on the geography of that country and on the mode (we can hardly say modes) of travelling in it. Then come the two principal papers of the first volume by Major Euan Smith, who was General Goldsmid's personal assistant, and was afterwards private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere on the Zanzibar Mission. These contain a history of the missions on both frontiers, and also give excellent detailed accounts of the country gone over and the people met with. The second volume is entirely occupied by two elaborate papers by Mr. W. T. Blanford, of the Indian Geological Survey, on what he calls the Zoology (but which includes the Ophiology and Ornithology) and the Geology of Persia and portions of Balúchistan. The first and longest of these treatises is illustrated by numerous plates, but is manifestly deficient as regards the zoology of eastern Balúchistan; the second is an admirably compressed geological sketch. The first volume has itineraries and curious genealogical trees of the Balúch tribes; and both afford the great convenience of pretty full indexes.

I am sorry that necessary limits will not permit me to go farther into the contents of these volumes, but they may confidently be recommended to the attention of all who desire sound detailed information, mingled with strange incidents of travel, in regard to the wildest and most interesting part of Central Asia.

ANDREW WILSON.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

Camille Desmoulins and His Wife. Translated from the French of Jules Claretie. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1876.)

CAMILLE DESMOULINS is one of the most striking figures among the minor actors in the French Revolution. Like not a few of the men of the time, he had a flashy genius that shone for a moment across those scenes of confusion and blood, and then perished, consumed in the conflagration which had sent it aloft and given it brilliancy. His distinctive peculiarity, however, is that in the shock and play of a tremendous crisis, his character seems to have been at odds with itself, and his career to have displayed contradictions, even far more than was commonly seen in the hurly-burly of 1789-93. A man of mere words and superficial thought, he nevertheless gave a decided impulse to the mightiest movement of modern times, and his personality was distinctly felt in some of its most important phases, if it did not shape or direct its fortunes. So, too, though timid, and by nature weak, he stood forth, in its opponents' eyes, as a master-spirit of the Revolution; and he was identified with some of its most audacious deeds and its worst scenes of excess and violence, though a mere puppet and tool of others. None of the Jacobins, more-

over, was more cruel in speech, or more deadly in his appeals for vengeance; yet he was really a kind and light-witted trifler, without fixed convictions or strong feelings, and on one great occasion he gave signal proof how wide may be the difference between talk and action, and how an advocate of crime may become its denouncer when its consequences are brought face to face before him. For the rest, if Camille had much in common with the crowd of inferior men who for an instant made a stir and noise in the tremendous drama, he was certainly a writer of no ordinary power, and the part he played in the last stage of his career, even if he followed the bidding of others, shows that there was something sterling and noble in him which claims, if not our respect, our sympathy. M. Jules Claretie has taken great pains in reproducing the life of this singular person; yet, though it would be unjust to deny it the praise of conscientious research and industry, his work is not one of great merit, nor does it make large additions to our stock of knowledge about its subject. He has not cleared up points in the career of Camille with respect to which fresh evidence might, we believe, be found: for instance, he leaves it still uncertain how far Danton and his docile pupil were accomplices in the frightful deeds of September, 1792. Nevertheless, the book has some new matter by no means of an unimportant kind; it contains a number of genuine documents of undoubted interest never published before, and it presents, for the first time, to the reader a fragment of those "last words" of Camille which plead for him despite his faults and his follies. It gives us, also, some pleasing details respecting Camille's ill-fated wife—not the least touching victim of the Reign of Terror—and it adds something to our information about the relations between Danton and his feeble colleague. The translation, from the pen of Mrs. Cashel Hoey, is, on the whole, a very fair performance, correct and easy, if somewhat tame and inanimate.

We shall not sketch in detail the life of Camille, but shall only notice those parts of it on which fresh light has been thrown by this work. He was born at Guise in 1760, was educated at the College of Louis Le Grand—Robespierre became intimate there with him—and gave early promise of no common talents. It is, however, more important, perhaps, to note how passionate his disposition was in his teens, a distinctive trait of the character of the man.

"It was quite an afternoon's amusement"—so a contemporary wrote—"to rouse Camille into one of his ready fits of anger, by furnishing him with an active, eager, and sincere antagonist.... Sarcasm drove him frantic, and 'heresies,' as he called them, made him lose every atom of self-control."

Camille was called to the bar of Paris in 1785, but as an advocate had no success. Like almost all the young men of his order, he hailed the approach of the Revolution with joy; and in after years he was wont to boast that even at this time "he had dreamed the Republic." As is well known, he contributed largely to the rising of Paris in July, 1789, by a violent speech in the Palais Royal; and, though never really a man of action, he joined in the scenes of disorder

that followed. He already thought himself, as he wrote to his father, in the front rank of the great movement:—"Reflect that a great part of the capital numbers me among the chief authors of the Revolution. Many even go so far as to say that I am its sole author."

The true vocation of Camille was the pen, and he now wielded it ably in the popular cause. He had studied with effect the great Latin authors, and had saturated his mind with Voltaire; and we trace these influences in the well-known journal, *The Revolutions of France and Brabant*, of which he became the editor in 1789. The politics of this paper are sorry stuff, a medley of classical cant and delusive visions—like most of the literature of the same class—but it bears the mark of talent, almost of genius. Its personalities are often extremely clever; its satire is trenchant, if not profound; and it is for the most part free from the ribald malice to be seen in the author's later writings. The manner of Voltaire is fairly caught, though we miss the exquisite grace of the master. Take a few lines as a specimen:—

"The incomparable Pierre Lenoir created pensions for himself in oils and tallow, on sand and cloacina. Associations of swindlers, every kind of vice, and every sort of filth, are tributary to our Lieutenant of Police. . . . At last he contrived to put the moon under contribution, and assigned to one of his mistresses a pension, known under the name of Pension of the Moon."

This journal gained for Camille a name hardly justified by his real parts or his character. Few of the "Men of the People" outside the National Assembly were so marked in 1790-1; and he became the object of the furious abuse of Royalist pamphleteers and scribblers. His personalities caused him to be summoned to the Bar of the Assembly in 1790, and when there he put on a show of courage; but it deserves notice that those who knew him well had no faith in his depth or earnestness. Mirabeau talked of him as a "prattling child;" Marat, with brutal but sagacious instincts, laughed at him as a rhetorical "fribbler." In 1791 Camille became the friend of Danton, and fell under the influence which shaped his after career. He now figured at the Cordeliers Club, denounced in reckless and passionate language those who upheld the settlement of 1789, and joined in the mad cry against Lafayette and Bailly. His style here shows the true Jacobin manner; take, for example, the following, on the flight to Varennes:—"It was at eleven o'clock at night that the general decampment of the male and female Capets took place, and it was not until nine o'clock in the morning that the news was known. Treason! Perjury!"

During the next few months Camille was conspicuous among the most rabid of the Parisian demagogues. In the scenes that preceded August 10 he was the ever-attendant shadow of Danton. He shared in Danton's triumph, and became a secretary of the new-made Minister. As we have said, this volume ought to have discussed the question of the complicity of either or both in the crimes of September; but we find nothing but a blank denial, and this, we beg to say, is of no value. Camille voted for the death of

Louis XVI.: he sat in the Convention as one of the Paris deputies, and, being not equal to the weight of debate, gave in his vote with the following remark, which, it is said, caused a murmur of disgust:—"A king dead is not a man the less. I vote for death, perhaps too late for the honour of the National Convention."

Camille, while Danton retained power, of course followed the violent ways of his leader. He concurred even in the proscription of the Girondins, and we fear that personal dislike of Brissot, who, once a friend, had given a shock to his vanity, had something to do with this decision. In his case, however, as in that of others, a revulsion of feeling was soon to take place; and the immolation of the Girondins went to his heart:—"Hearing the declaration of the jury"—so wrote an eye-witness—"he threw himself into my arms in distress and agony of mind—'Oh, my God, my God, it is I who killed them.'"

This change was quick and sharp, like the nature of the man; and it is but right to add that Camille seems to have shown signs of it even before Danton. The frightful scenes of the Reign of Terror must, in truth, have shocked him, when fully disclosed. His Republic was the dream of a scholar; what must he have thought of the Jacobin orgies of blood? The fine passages of the *Vieux Cordelier* in which he held up to scorn the suspicious despotism of the ruthless Committee of Public Safety are well known, and have been often quoted; M. Claretie has discovered the last number, unpublished before, of this once famous print; and though it is not equal to those that went before it, its invective has weight and a sterling ring. Camille thus declaimed against the execrable crew of informers that issued from the Reign of Terror:—

"Each scoundrel thought his sins washed out by a little word, not of penitence as formerly, but of denunciation, true or false. This man denounced some one to save his own house; that man to be forgiven for the mission from which he had returned; the pro-consul in order to get back to his province; this one to get a seat in the Committee of Surveillance; that one for a seat at the Committee of Public Safety; one to be president; another to be secretary."

It is not clear whether Camille embarked on this perilous course at Danton's instance. In the events that followed he went with his chief; like Danton he dared to defy Robespierre; and like Danton he was struck down and perished. At the famous trial—the most tragic, perhaps, of all which this terrible time witnessed—the stern constancy of Danton upheld Camille; but the man of words quailed as the end was neared. Camille bore himself thus on his way to death; let us say for him that excitable nerves do not necessarily show that a man is a coward:—

"Wild with rage and despair, Camille tried to break his bonds, and, tearing his shirt to rags, made a last appeal to the crowd. 'You are deceived, citizens,' he cried in hoarse tones. 'Citizens, your preservers are being sacrificed. It was I who in 1789 called you to arms. I raised the first cry of liberty! My crime, my only crime, has been pity.' 'Be quiet,' said Danton, 'and let the rabble be.'"

Poor butterfly broken on the tremendous wheel on which he had for a moment

glittered, weak sower of the wind who had reaped the whirlwind! Yet be it said that this victim had tried to check the flood of evils he had helped to let loose, and had laid down his life in the wild attempt; and let us pity one who dared all for pity.

This volume contains some details respecting Lucile Duplessis, the wife of Camille, and about the married life of the ill-fated pair. She was a beautiful girl, too given, perhaps, like many in her time, to dreamy sentiment, but nevertheless a true woman. Camille was deeply attached to her; and this love is one of the best features in his ardent, but somewhat shallow, character. Yet he could make sport even of this sacred feeling; and, with revolting levity, he connected his wife with associations which sound-hearted men would think were profanation and disgrace. It will hardly be believed, but it is the fact, that, in order to show how unjust were some of the charges made against the so-called Royalists, Camille gravely composed and published a charge of conjugal crime against his own Lucile—a sally which proves Carlyle to have been right in remarking that this eccentric creature had something in him of the mere blackguard.

Mdme. Desmoulins met the fate of her husband; there is something touching in these brief lines, addressed to her mother before she died: "Good-night, my dear mamma. A tear drops from my eyes; it is for you. I shall drop asleep in the calmness of innocence."

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

NEW NOVELS.

George Linton; or, The First Years of an English Colony. By John Robinson, F.R.G.S. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1876.)

It Might Have Been. By the Author of "Tit for Tat." 3 Vols. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1876.)

Glencairn. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 3 Vols. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1877.)

MR. ROBINSON has accomplished a literary task of some difficulty in a fairly satisfactory manner, giving in the shape of a novel a sufficiently close description of the early struggles of settlers in the colony of Natal, which he very justly thinks may have an interest for home readers, most of whom have some kinsman or friend even now among the pioneers in our most distant dependencies. The more intelligent part of his audience would probably have liked the book all the better if there had been no attempt to make it into a story, for Mr. Robinson does not possess the faculty of such vivid portraiture of colonial scenes and characters as puts Mr. Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn* high among descriptive tales. But apart from the fact that many of those whom the author desires to interest cannot be persuaded to read any book which is avowedly instructive, fictitious narrative affords an opportunity of introducing more types of character, and exhibiting their various fortunes in a colony, than a single book of travels or experiences could allow. He has been needlessly vague in giving merely "18—" as the date when his

story begins, because in the course of his recital he mentions one or two public events whose date is fixed and known, so that it is only necessary to count backwards or forwards from these to get at the true period; only that the task is scarcely worth the pains. As Mr. Robinson busies himself chiefly with the rise of agriculture and of the press, there is not much said about either Kafirs, Boers, or the wilder life of huntsmen and trappers in the interior, though all these topics are slightly illustrated; and we fear that the comparative weakness of these more picturesque elements will deter the very class which ought to form Mr. Robinson's most appreciative readers—the boys. Captain Mayne Reid has, we doubt, spoiled his market there. The utilitarian side of the book would have been improved, without any interference with its character of novel, by a page of authorities at the end, naming the chief works on South Africa, such as Chase and Wilmot's *History of the Cape*; Chesson's *Dutch Republics of South Africa*; and the Government Blue-Books. Mr. Robinson is quite right in telling about the early beginnings of the now-thriving sugar-trade of Natal, but no one could gather from *George Linton* that the staple export is wool, and next to that hides, which latter amount to ten times the value of the sugar. Cotton is only ten years old as an export, and therefore does not fall within his range, but the other two are not brought into this picture of settler industry as they ought to have been, while the large ivory-trade would have justified an increased reference to elephant-hunting.

Mrs. Smith has improved considerably since she wrote *Tit for Tat*. The unquestionable cleverness of that novel was marred to some extent by too large an infusion of melodrama and complicated incident, from which her new book is commendably free. It is an Irish story, and quite the best which has appeared since Miss Keary's *Castle Daly*, ranking as it does with Mrs. Riddell's *Maxwell Drewett* as a true portraiture of certain types of Irish life, chiefly those found among the Protestant squirearchy, while there are also a few sketches of the Protestant squireen, a totally different character from his Catholic neighbour. There is not much of peasant life and ideas offered, and the writer is clearly less at home with them than in describing the ways of the country gentry, though one brief episode at a dinner-party shows that the faculty of correct observation is not lacking. The chief fault in the book is that the hero and heroine do not stand out in relief sufficient to justify the copious language of affection and admiration in which the artist speaks of her puppets, and that characters whose part in the story is quite subordinate are much more saliently and cleverly drawn. The two types of Protestantism represented by the stern bigotry of Mrs. Drury and the latitudinarian Evangelicalism—no oxymoron in Ireland—of Mrs. Kelly, are painted to the life; and it is only matter of regret that the writer, touching only on the humorous view taken of their bigotry by some of the peasants, has not lifted the curtain a little to show how much more than reciprocated it is under the influence of a peasant clergy, whose hostility

to the Saxon creed dates back centuries before the Reformation, and has a political root in the reckless tyranny not merely of the Norman nobles of the Pale, but of the foreign prelates and monks, notably the Cistercians, which elaborated disabilities and penal laws for the mere Irishry, centuries before divergence of belief came in to irritate further a chronic and painful sore. The main plot of the book is not remarkable, and there is more skill in the management of its secondary interest, but the chief merit, after all, lies in the truth of the Irish sketches, though both India and the Crimea have their part too, quite sufficiently well executed to have floated *It Might Have Been*, had it not superior claims to attention.

Glencairn is a distinctly clever novel, with a bold and striking plot, and with at least four incisively-drawn leading characters. It is also written with a certain measure of power in language, and its dialogue is natural and easy. But commendation must end there. Miss Hardy has employed no inconsiderable powers in treating a highly disagreeable subject, with more of passion and death in it than is wholesome reading in fiction, which, save in such exceptional works of art as the *Bride of Lammermoor*, is bound to keep itself within more chastened limits. The exact literary position of *Glencairn* may be readily described by saying that it belongs to precisely the same school as Mrs. Archer Clive's now half-forgotten and much cleverer *Paul Ferroll*. And, able as that story is, it would be no matter of regret if it had been left the sole example of its kind.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

MR. LOWE and Mr. Lefevre contribute telling articles to the *Fortnightly* on "The Birmingham Plan of Public House Reform," and on "English Landownership." In a paper by Mr. G. A. Simcox on Charles Kingsley the most interesting question mooted is how much of the autobiography of Charles Kingsley and his wife is to be read between the lines in the story of Lancelot and Argemone; but the critic analyses the calibre and temperament of the author of *Alton Locke* with an approach to exhaustiveness. The Eastern Question is represented in this number by Mr. Edward Freeman and Sir Henry Havelock; and we commend a glance at Mr. Lang's smart sketches of three new novels—by William Black, George Macdonald, and Miss Broughton.

In the *Contemporary Review* Prof. Clifford, disengaging on the Ethics of Belief, teaches us that it is always wrong to believe on insufficient evidence; also that within certain limits we may believe the statement of another person and even that which goes beyond our experience. The article displays the writer's well-known moral fervour, while it betrays a no less characteristic naïveté in the propounding, as if for the first time, familiar propositions in philosophy. The tendency of the argument is rather to enforce a virtuous temper of mind in relation to matters of belief than to provide definite and serviceable precepts on the subject. It strikes one, indeed, that Prof. Clifford has not sufficiently reflected on the conditions of a valid ethical rule. Is it really possible for any man invariably to repress belief, and consequently action, till the sufficiency of the evidence is ascertained? In a not too powerful essay, placed in the front of the Review, Mr. W. H. Mallock attempts to demonstrate that Prof. Clifford and his coadjutors have no right to

their moral fervour, since their elimination of the ideas of God and immortality involves the denunciation of virtue of its superlative worth. The argument looks very much like a fallacy of irrelevant conclusion, by reason of the writer's complete non-recognition of the most prominent feature of the new ethics—namely, the idea that the good of the individual is subordinate to that of the society, and the happiness of a generation to that of the permanent race. Mr. Rhys Davids in an interesting paper discusses the meaning of Nirvāna in connexion with the Buddhists' psychology, and with their mysterious doctrine of *Karma*, or the creation on the death of an individual of another being according to the desert of the former. Nirvāna means, not a future state, as many European interpreters have supposed, but a moral condition to be attained in the present life, the result of which at the individual's death is the extinction of the grasping impulse out of which the creation of a new being arises, and so the complete extinction of the soulless individual, or *Tarimirvāna*. Mr. Hewlett brings to a close his endeavour to temper what he considers to be the excessive admiration of W. Blake by a band of critics. An account of Weimar in the Augustan age of German literature, from the pen of Mr. Schütz Wilson, though containing little that is new, provides a pleasant element of relief in what is decidedly a rather heavily freighted number of the Review.

A PROPOS OF novels, to judge by *Temple Bar*, magazine editors find it profitable to drive three abreast. In the January number Miss Mathers begins "Cherry Ripe," Mr. Dubourg continues "An Old Man's Darling," and Anthony Trollope prosecutes the "American Senator." Yet not to the exclusion of other intellectual pabulum. Besides some fair verse, there is a readable paper headed "Ministers and Maxims" aperent Lord Eldon, by Mr. A. C. Ewald, who, however, should not have suffered the sentence, "Suppose Watts [sic] had not watched the kettle, would the steam-engine have been introduced?" to escape correction, in his greater concern for enunciating the pun on Eldon taking to "Coke upon Littleton instead of coal." But the best paper is "The Wordsworths at Brinsop Court," a peep at a Herefordshire moated grange, frequented whilom, in the tenancy of the Hutchinsons, by the Wordsworth family, the Quillinans, Southeby, Crabb Robinson, and others of the Lake School. Another figure brought upon the scene is the blind agriculturist, Mr. Monkhouse of the Stow, like Hutchinson, a Cumberland farmer who migrated into the grazing lands of the white-faces, and like him a kinsman of the sometime Laureate. The article contains a sample of Quillinan's poetry, and a letter of Wordsworth's expressive of his estimate of his capabilities, as well as a lively and idyllic picture of the secluded and historical grange of Brinsop. Such bits of stray topography are of the salt of a magazine.

In *Blackwood* a pleasant and instructive paper, by one of the "initiated," describes the "Inside of the House of Commons," not exactly on the lines of Sir Erskine May, but with a gossiping, sketchy familiarity. A more critical article is based on the latest autobiography of George Sand, who is characterised as the "Lope de Vega of French fiction" in the actual volume of her novels, and quoted as an instance of one who never wrote herself out. The secret of her freshness is found in her passionate love of the country, and uncurbed Bohemianism of nature, her early experiences of camp-following and *gamin-masquerading*, her later needs and difficulties, which helped to make realistic her descriptions of debt and poverty and the sheriff's officer. Besides the continuation of Dr. Reade's "Woman-Hater," this month's magazine contains two complete tales, and a sprightly poem, "Cupid Schooled."

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has an article in *Macmillan* which, while recognising Evolution and its bearing on the study of history, depre-

cates the undue space which the physical origin of man and his descent occupy in our minds at present to the exclusion of his ascent, as if the rudiments alone were real and all else illusion. Mr. Lyon Playfair, in "Universities and Universities," after a fling at the Government for nominating local commissions for Oxford and Cambridge, while dealing with Scotland in a national spirit, examines the development of the Continental universities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to show that these were more or less technical and professional, but that the chief impulse was the latter. Not so Oxford and Cambridge, where professional schools never overshadowed general culture. In Scotland the professional ideal is strongest, as the Scotch universities depend on their contact with the occupations of the people. "The Scotch universities aim to train students to make 1,000*l.* per annum by the application of a cultivated intelligence. The English universities are content to teach men how to spend 1,000*l.* per annum with that dignity and usefulness which follow a good mental culture." While Mr. Playfair does not deny there is something in this, he pleads for some diversion of national endowments to new arrangements for methodic training at least in the preparatory sciences, on which the professions and occupations of the people depend, on the extended encouragement of physical and biological study, and, if precedent allow, on the movement for advancing research.

In the *Cornhill*, between the monthly instalments of Mr. Blackmore's "Erema" and Mrs. Oliphant's "Carita," are packed several articles of various interest. That on the *Gusman de Alfarcache* of Mateo Aleman and the Spanish picaresque class of novels, of which *Gil Blas* is our most familiar example, shows a careful study of Ticknor and Bouterwek. "Anecdotes of an Epicure" is a pleasant résumé of Brillat Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût*, with a hint in its last page of a "harmless stimulant for brain-workers." In a social essay on "Heroes and Valets" just exception is taken to the growing frequency with which the public is invited to peruse studies of great people at home; to disguise themselves in imagination in plush, and carry "interviewing" to excess. A very curious psychological problem is carefully considered under the head of "Dual Consciousness"—the incidence of cases not so much of a dual brain as of what might be more correctly called intermittent consciousness, in some degree simulating somnambulism in its phenomena. But the best article, to our thinking, is Mr. J. W. Hales' charming topographical diorama, so to speak, "From Stratford to London," through the "heart of England" in Shakspere's day, the journey divided into four stages and broken midway at the Crown at Oxford, where "mine host" was the father of Davenant the poet, Shakspere's godson. The insight given of the then state of the country, of locomotion, manners, and marvels by the way, would render this paper worth reprinting and expanding.

An article of similar interest on "Quarter Sessions under Charles I." forms an instructive paper in *Fraser*. Mr. A. Hamilton extracts from original records of the County of Devon notes of the sufferings of that county from the enhanced price of food, and of the current remedies of magisterial wisdom, under the direction of the Privy Council. This paper has some curious notices of the wandering Irish, then first attracting the attention of Quarter Sessions as vagrants, and seemingly infecting the magistrates with "Irish bullism," to judge by the records and minutes about them. The Plague, and the expedition to Cadiz, with the cost of isolating and partially maintaining the infected in the one, and billeting the idle soldiers in expectation of the other, wrought the county such distress under the mismanagement of Bottomless Bagg, the Vice-Admiral, as renders

more natural the appeal to arms betwixt King and Parliament which the burden of the ship-money at last precipitated. Besides this historical article, *Fraser* contains a striking essay, by M. Jules Andrieu, on the *Roman de Renart*, and the work of Le Fontaine—whom he regards as a great genius—in collecting the old traditional fragments, contrasting and grouping all the current topics of the French fablemongers who had worked up Aesop's material into the symbolism popularised by the cycle of Renard, and reconstructing a new cycle of his own. The paper contains interesting scraps of the French fabulist's biography, and is an addition to the still unfathomed literature of fable.

KARL BLIND has supplied a *pièce de résistance* to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which now hails from 74 Piccadilly, in his account of "The Boar's Head Dinner at Queen's College, Oxford, and a Germanic Sun-God." There is an article by Mr. Walter Thornbury on "Athens under King Otho," which agrees in its impressions very much with Mr. Mahaffy's *Rambles in Greece*; and the "Table-Talk" characteristic of the *Gentleman's* is preserved in several lively literary paragraphs.

AMIDST a plethora of fiction contributed to *Belgravia* by Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mrs. Lovett Cameron and Charles Reade, it is pleasant to come upon Cuthbert Bede's "Story-Hunting in the Western Highlands." In the Mull of Cantire, he tells us, still linger those who enliven the winter night around the peat fire with Gaelic tale and Ossianic poem. We understand Cuthbert Bede to command an access to the storytellers themselves in their own haunts, where they are furthest from the Puritanic influences that consign national legends to the Hades of "fairs, dances, and worldly revellings," and to advise that they should be approached not only in their own tongue, but with tact and sympathy. The old family retainers, the Western Highland mendicants, and the wandering minstrels, are the vessels to tap. Cuthbert Bede gives a curious account of the Gaelic song "The Swan's Ditty," and endeavours to disabuse us of the idea that Gaelic is going out. "An Amateur Assassin" is a description in *Belgravia* of the sensations experienced after partaking of Hashish in the form of the "Extractum cannabis Indicae" of the British Pharmacopoeia.

THE most noteworthy paper in *Tinsley's Magazine* is Mr. S. Waddington's "Wit in Orders," a résumé of clerical jokes and jokers from John Skelton to Sidney Smith and Barham, with mention by the way of some Yorkshire clerical oddities. *Cassell's Family Magazine* has the merit of many-sidedness, and discusses "gardening," dress, exercise, food for cold weather, "cum omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." In the *Argosy* there is a sprightly account by C. W. Wood of a "Tour through Holland." Apart from this paper, the *Argosy's* proportion of matter-of-fact to fiction is infinitesimal; and in the *London Magazine* (James Blackwood and Co.) the chief approach to a solid article is "The North Pole and Claims to its Discovery." The *Victoria Magazine* seems, in most of its papers, faithfully to subserve its special purpose; but the fibre of the *St. James's Magazine and United Empire Review* would be slight indeed if not somewhat redeemed by a critique on Matthew Arnold's poetry.

A BATCH of American Magazines and Reviews is of superior calibre, and some of our monthlies might take a hint from Transatlantic cousins. Thus the *Atlantic Monthly* (Tribner and Co.) opens its twentieth year and thirty-ninth volume with contributions from all the best names in American prose and poetic literature. "The Herons of Elmwood" is a delicious strain by Longfellow, and the "Blackbirds" a quasi-Aristophanic comedietta of infinite humour by Prof. Greenough. Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" continues to interest, and Bayard

Taylor becomes an intelligent guide to "Weimar in June." Then, too, there are smart critiques on new poetry and recent literature, and a remarkable suggestion for raising the tone of the study of Greek at Harvard College by making it at the same time more real and more optional.

In *Lippincott's Magazine*, besides the literary merit and thorough execution of the illustrated papers, "Pictures from Spain," and "Our Floor of Fire" (the latter a synopsis of the history of volcanic phenomena), we find a clever and thoughtful paper on "Phidias and his Predecessors," initialled "E. S." In this Philadelphian serial, George Macdonald continues his "Marquis of Lossie," and there are other instalments of fiction, but in ordered proportion. *The Penn Monthly* (Philadelphia) appears to exclude fiction and, judging by its statistical article on "Municipal Extravagance" and its notes of the "Month," to exalt politics; ornithologists, however, will find literary merit in the article of Mr. Joel Allen on "The Decrease of Birds in the United States." Of kindred calibre is Potter's *American Monthly Illustrated Magazine of History, Literature, Science, and Art*, though a little more diversified in its subjects. This also hails from Philadelphia, and contains, besides poetry and fiction, sound articles and surveys of the "Moorish Empire in Spain," and the "American Drama," besides half-a-dozen pages of Notes and Queries.

In the *Day of Rest* (Strahan and Co.) for January, Mr. R. A. Proctor's Sunday reveries on "Light and Space," papers by Margaret Gordon, on "Woman in India," and Ellice Hopkins, on "Work among Working-men at Cambridge;" Mrs. Reilly's "Story of Ten Thousand Homes," and various scraps of poetry, among which we praise highest "Woodland Peace," by Marion Kames, p. 57, evince a merit in inverse ratio to the monthly cost of Mr. Strahan's happy contribution to Sunday literature. In the *Leisure Hour* we may call attention to a capital paper on "Old Almanacks," a biographical sketch of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "Impressions of Australia," and a sensible essay on the "Antiquity of Man" à propos of the recent volume on this subject by Mr. Southall of Philadelphia.

BESIDES these we have received the Christmas number of the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, which appears a good deal given to chess, and Dr. Dulcken's *Golden Childhood*, a special candidate for the suffrages of "little people."

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. CAMPBELL and Mr. Evelyn Abbott have sent their edition of the *Electra* to press, and hope to send the *Trachiniae* before long. The two plays will be published together.

HERR L. ABENHEIM has translated Dr. Holmes' *Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table* into German, under the title of *Der Tisch-Despot*.

THE New York *Nation* mentions that the questions, "When, where, and by whom was the American flag first saluted?" seem to have been settled by Mr. B. F. Prescott, Secretary of State of New Hampshire. In a pamphlet called *The Stars and Stripes* he produces documentary evidence from the Dutch archives which proves that Johannes de Graef, Governor of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, saluted the flag of the American ship *Andrew Doria* from the island fort, November 16, 1776.

MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS is engaged upon handbooks of German and French literature, of sufficient compass to meet the wants of the ordinary student, and yet simple enough for the use of young people preparing for their examinations.

MR. EFFINGHAM WILSON, of the Royal Exchange, will issue early in the present year *Stock*

Exchange Prices, the Highest and Lowest during 1876, with a Dividend List: An Annual for Investors.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER AND CO. are about to publish by subscription *The Land of Bolivar: or, War, Peace, and Adventure in the Republic of Venezuela*, by James Mudie Spence. The price to subscribers is thirty-one shillings.

We have received from Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. the first volume of a new and very handsome octavo edition of Tennyson's works, containing the miscellaneous poems. It is embellished with head and tail pieces of flowers and animals, and an excellent portrait of the Poet Laureate, taken from a photograph.

ON Wednesday next week Messrs. Sotheby and Co. will offer for sale some Ancient Deeds and Documents collected by a gentleman, recently deceased, during a long residence on the Continent. The collection includes many Papal Bulls, Charters, &c., of the early kings of France and England. Among the former is the Bull of Benedict XII., on a large sheet of vellum, dated Avignon, 1336, granting to the Cistercian Convent of Altzey, in the diocese of Mentz, indulgences for all true penitents who shall confess on specified holy days; it is illuminated with a fine painting in distemper (by Giotto di Bondone) representing our Saviour sitting between St. Matthew and St. John. Other rarities are, a signature of Sir John Fastolfe, when commander of Caen Castle in 1431, and an important historical letter of Talleyrand to Louis Philippe, written from London in May, 1833.

THE incident of Falkland's duel with Sir F. Willoughby—who had superseded him when Sir L. Carey in command of his company in Ireland—and of his subsequent brief imprisonment, is well known. The King's acknowledgment that his supersession had been causeless has just come to light. On August 2, 1632, a Privy Seal was issued (*Inrolments of Privy Seals*, vol. xi. p. 272) ordering him to be paid 291. 3s., as pay due to him for his command "in respect he was discharged from his command of his said companie without anie crime imputed to him."

WE have to thank Mr. De Gray Birch for a reprint of Kemble's well-known *Saxons in England* (Quaritch), in which he takes an opportunity "of amending a number of oversights and typographical errors, and of verifying a large number of references." The editor's statement that "the principles laid down, the deductions gathered from the array of recorded facts and examples, are as true and incontrovertible to-day as they ever were," must doubtless be taken with some necessary qualification. Prof. Stubbs, at least, does not always agree with the deductions of Mr. Kemble, and his authority is certainly higher than that of Mr. Birch. Any praise short of infallibility, however, may well be accorded to so masterly a work.

MR. EDMOND CHESTER WATERS is about to print privately *Genealogical Memoirs of the Kindred Families of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury 1523-1556, and Thomas Wood, Bishop of Lichfield 1671-1692*. The book is mainly compiled from unpublished sources, and includes original lives of Archbishop Cranmer and his Son; Thomas Norton, the author of *Gorboduc*; Sir Henry Wood, Bart., Treasurer of the Household of Queen Henrietta Maria; Sir Thomas Gardiner, Solicitor-General of Charles I.; Dr. Wood, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; &c. The impression is limited to six copies, large paper, at 5l. 5s. each; and twenty-four copies, small paper, at 2l. 2s. each. Applications for copies should be addressed to the Author, at Robson and Sons, printers, 20 Pancras Road, London, N.W.

WE regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Oates, of the eminent publishing firm of Burns and Oates. He died quite suddenly on the morning of Thursday, the 28th ult., from congestion of the brain.

WE have also to record the death of Mr. Thomas Lewin, the author of the *Life and Travels of St. Paul* (Bell and Sons), which we reviewed September 25, 1875. Mr. Lewin was a conveyancer.

MR. F. B. MEEK, the eminent palaeontologist, and for several years a member of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories under Prof. F. V. Hayden, died on December 21 in Washington, D.C., at the age of fifty-nine years. He had just completed the great work of his life—*The Cretaceous and Tertiary Invertebrate Fossils of the Upper Missouri Country*, in one large quarto volume with forty-five plates. His loss will be deeply felt by the scientific men of America.

A LIST of works relating to Bath, its waters, institutions, &c., is now appearing in the *Bath Herald*. It is compiled by Mr. C. P. Edwards (a native of Bath, but now residing at 19 Oakley Street, Chelsea), who asks all persons having works, or editions of works, which are not enumerated in the bibliography, to send particulars of the same to him. The catalogue of Bath books is prefaced by a few remarks which show among other particulars that the name of the library, public or private, is given in which each work, as far as can be ascertained, is to be found. The public libraries which are thus referred to are the British Museum, South Kensington Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, the Bath Royal Institution, and the Bath City Free Library. It appears by the initials appended to them (C.P.E.) that many of the works are in the possession of the compiler, who has been assisted in his labours by a study of the result of the labours of others, such as Lowndes, Gough, Rawlinson, Britton, and Brayley, etc. The MS. at present contains the titles of about three hundred books and pamphlets, without taking into account the numerous editions of some of them, and this list does not include publications issued from the Bath press, or written by inhabitants of the city, which have no further claim upon the notice of a student of Bath history.

WE understand that the first number of a new monthly periodical entitled *Street Life in London*, the joint production of Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., author of *Illustrations of China and its People*, &c., and Mr. Adolphe Smith, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Each number will contain an account of some phases of London life, illustrated by permanent photographs specially taken for the work.

THE *Gaelic Magazine* continues to flourish after its kind. In the October number, for instance, Mr. Hector Maclean bravely gives battle to Dr. Waddell on the Ossianic Question, but it is only a waste of time and science on his part, and it would be far better if he and Prof. Geddes would direct all their efforts to the propagation among their countrymen of the rudiments of comparative philology as applied to Gaelic. The way in which they are now understood in Scotland may be judged from the following answer to the question given to one of the writers as to how he connected *spairn*, "effort," and *obair*, "work":—"P and b are nearly the same; the final n may be formative or emphatic." Now this is a model of brevity, and Voltaire cannot possibly have had a finer specimen before him when he framed his well-known definition of etymology as the science in which the vowels were of no consequence, and the consonants of very little more.

THE first part of the facsimile, in black letter, of Wylyam Salesbury's *Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe*, issued by the Cymrodonion Society, is a gem in point of type, and we have no reason to suspect it on the score of accuracy. It reflects great credit on the society, and forms a most promising beginning.

A WORK which has just been announced as now appearing at Munich, and to be sold in this country by Messrs. Trübner and Co., promises a feast; it is

entitled *Kelten, Griechen, Germanen, Vorhomericche Kulturdenkmäler: Eine Sprachstudium*, von Dr. N. Sparschuh.

MR. JEREMIAH, Honorary Secretary of the Urban Club, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, has written a short but useful sketch of the Eisteddod, in which he has brought together various notices bearing on its earlier history, enough at any rate to show that it has a history separable from legend, and a basis in fact, which we hope he will undertake to deal with at greater length. Should he do so, one of the questions we should like to call his attention to would be this: in the modern Eisteddod only one chair is given away—namely, to the winning bard—but Lord Rhys, in his grand Eisteddod in 1176, had two chairs, one of which seems to have been meant for the victorious minstrel. Why and when did it become the rule to chair the bard only?

THE University of Bern has opened the Winter-Semester, 1876-1877, with a considerable increase of students: 149 in the medical faculty, 93 in the juristic, 18 in the Evangelical-theological, 15 in the Catholic-theological, and 36 in the philosophical. Among the female students, numbering 30 in all, 26 belong to the medical faculty, 3 to the philosophical, and 1 has chosen the juristic. The "Lehr-personal" consists at present of 34 ordinary, 12 extraordinary, 5 honorary professors, and 27 tutors. The new veterinary school counts 5 professors, and 19 scholars.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN AND CO. have now ready for publication a new Indian Army and Civil Service List, which will embrace, in about 600 octavo pages, every department of the public service in India, including, of course, the British troops quartered in Indian stations.

The Christian Apologist, No. III. (January, 1877.) We doubt very much indeed whether the magazine form is suited to the conduct of Apologetics. And our doubts, we confess, are not removed by the present number of the *Christian Apologist*, though it is probably a favourable specimen of what such a magazine would be. The editor has evidently thrown his net wide, and has secured contributors of ability from various schools and parties. The first article is apparently from the pen of a Roman Catholic. The writer tries to show that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is not in conflict with modern science, by maintaining the scholastic distinction between substance and accidents. We sympathise with Dr. Littledale in his plea for a larger introduction of the inductive method into theology, and more especially in his suggestion that this method should be applied to the investigation of the "practical bearing of dogma, worship, and usage on life and morals." Such an enquiry would no doubt be most valuable, if only anyone could be found at once with insight enough and impartiality enough to conduct it. Prof. Stanley Leathes' restatement of the argument of St. John v., under the head of "Our Lord's Appeal to Evidence," does not appear to us very impressive. Mr. Henslow is reserving the most important part of his argument on the relation of the Babylonian myths to Gen. i. for the April number.

M. RENAN is now correcting the proofs of the fifth volume of his *Origines du Christianisme*, which will appear in April next. This volume, which was originally to be the last of the series, only comes down to Trajan, and will be followed by a sixth, which will come down to Marcus Aurelius. M. Renan will probably undertake after its publication a History of the Jewish People.

MM. FEUILLET and Cherbuliez are both engaged upon new novels.

LA RÉVEILLÈRE-LÉPEAUX, one of the five members of the Directory in 1795, and the head of the sect of the *Théophilanthropes*, left two volumes of Memoirs, from which Michelet quotes in his *History of the Nineteenth Century*, but which were believed

to be lost. These Memoirs, however, are in existence; they are, in fact, printed, and are in the hands of Mme. David d'Angers. But, in accordance with the request of M. Réveillère-Lépeaux fils on his death-bed they will only be given to the public after the death of his widow, a fanatical Catholic, who would be scandalised by their appearance.

THE widow of M. Davy, formerly a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, has just published (Germer-Bailliére) two posthumous volumes by her late husband on the *Conventionnels de l'Eure*, which deal with an interesting aspect of the Revolution in the provinces.

M. RANC is preparing a History of the Government of National Defence in the provinces in 1870-71.

M. HENRI MONNIER, who has just died, and whose celebrity as an actor and a writer scarcely reached beyond the walls of Paris, but who was universally known and popular there, will remain one of the most original representatives of the Parisian spirit. Some of his popular scenes, the "Cour d'Assises," "L'Exécution," the "Voyage en Diligence," the "Roman chez la Portière," are little master-pieces which will be as curious at some future day for the student of the French spirit from 1830-50 as the novels of Balzac. The personage of Joseph Prudhomme, which he created, has become a type—a universal type, because it personifies the solemn *bêtise* of the ignorant and pretentious little *bourgeois*; and an individual type, because it relates to a special period, that of the National Guard and the *bourgeois* Monarchy.

We have received Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, ed. A. H. Clough (Sampson Low); *Ety-mological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language*, by the Rev. Jas. Stormonth, third edition (Blackwood); *The Mission of the Comforter*, by J. C. Hare, third edition (Macmillan); *The Almanach de Gotha*, 1876 (Gothe: Perthes); *Christianity and Morality*, Boyle Lectures, by Henry Wace, second edition (Pickering); *Notes on Asylums for the Insane in America*, by Dr. J. C. Bucknill (Churchill); *Le plus proche Degré de la Science*, par E. Loewenthal, traduit par Frédéric Hauch (Bruxelles: Institut littéraire); Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, sixth edition, vol. I. (Blackwood); *Hints to Mothers, and The Maternal Management of Children*, by Dr. T. Bull, new editions (Longmans); *Deaf not Dumb*, by B. St. J. Ackers (Longmans).

OBITUARY.

BECK, Dr. Thomas Snow, F.R.S., at Portland Place, Jan. 6, aged 63.

BROCKHAUS, Prof. Hermann, at Leipzig, Jan. 5.

COBBOLD, the Rev. Richard, at Wortham, Suffolk, Jan. 5, aged 80. [Author of *Margaret Catchpole, &c.*]

MEEK, F. B., at Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, aged 55.

MONNIER, Henri, at Paris, Jan. 3, aged 78.

CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

THREE days after Paludan-Müller's death Denmark lost her greatest lyrst. Generations may pass before two such lights arise again in Danish literature. Rasmus Villads Christian Ferdinand Winther was born on July 29, 1796, in the village of Fensmark, near Præstø, in Zealand, where his father was pastor; he died at Paris on December 30, 1876. In 1807 Winther was sent to school at Nykøbing, on the island of Falster, and when his father died in 1808, the whole family flitted thither. Here his mother met and married in 1812 the father of Povl Martin Möller, afterwards to be himself distinguished as a poet, and to die early in 1838. In 1815 Christian Winther was sent up to the University of Copenhagen, and, after taking his degree, lived for some years as a private tutor. In 1819 was printed his first poem, and from this time onward he continually published pieces in the journals of the day, which at once attracted great

attention. It was not till 1828, however, that these were collected into a volume, which had an extraordinary success, most of all, perhaps, on account of its containing a cycle of descriptive pieces entitled *Traesnit* (Woodcuts), which are certainly among the most charming verses of their kind ever composed in any language. It was on this occasion that Hans Andersen wrote a punning compliment to Winther—

"Engraved on marble many a name shall die,
Whilst thine in wood cut braves eternity."

Having laid by a considerable sum of money, he travelled for a year in 1830-31, spending most of the time in Italy. In 1835 a second volume of lyrics appeared, and in 1838 a third. In 1841 King Christian VIII. appointed Winther to travel to Neu-Strelitz to instruct Princess Caroline of Mecklenburg in Danish, on the occasion of her betrothal to the Danish Crown Prince; at the same time he received the rank of Professor. Further collections of lyrics appeared in 1842, 1848, 1850, 1853, 1865, and 1872. When he was past his fiftieth year, Winther married; in 1851 he received a pension as State poet, and since that time has lived much abroad, and especially in France. Among his other works must be mentioned *The Stag's Flight*, a long epic romance, 1855; *Four Novelettes*, in prose, 1843; *In the Year of Grace*, a prose story, 1874; and *A Student and a Maid: a Comedy for Marionettes*, 1852.

In the verse of Christian Winther the scenery of Denmark, its beech-woods, lakes and meadows, its violet-haunted dingles, and its hollows scented with wild strawberries, find such a loving and such a masterly painter as they are never likely to find again. He is the most modern of poets in his realism, his broad humanity, his contemplation and *naïve* composure; he is as ancient as Theocritus or the ballad-makers in his ecstasy over the beauty of nature, and his delight in the simplest old-fashioned emotions. All the forms, all the themes of antique folk-verse, all the daring simplicities that we so much admire in a border-song, and that we think it so impossible to reproduce, came to Winther as song to a bird. There never was a lyrst more fresh, more spontaneous; none more steeped in the dew and light and perfume of a cool sunshiny morning in May. His melodies were as artless as those of Burns—to whom he has many points of similarity—but full of variety and delicate harmony. When he was forty-seven he fell in love, and then, at so mature an age, he startled every one by a cycle of love-songs for the first time. They were what one might expect from a spirit so ageless, so unfaded; they stand alone for tender homage and simple sweetness of passion. In few cases does one regret so keenly as in Winther's that this great lyrst should have been born to sing in a language only understood by a few millions of people at the most. In England, France, or Germany, he would have addressed and would have won an audience as large as that that has listened to Béranger or Tennyson. He died in Paris; where he was buried on the 2nd inst., in the presence of about 200 Scandinavians. We remember, with regret, how often in his melancholy days he wondered whether he should lie in Danish ground, and how passionately he desired to sleep among the beech-trees. In one of his last pieces, on his own grave, he expressly states his wish to be buried somewhere in the Danish woods, under the boughs, with these words above him:—

"Her ligger under grönne Tilje
C. Winther—meget mod sin Vilje."

"Here lies, under green cover, C. Winther—much against his will," the word *Tilje* properly meaning such boards as coffins are made of. His latest pleasure in life was the public festival held at Copenhagen on the occasion of his eightieth birthday; the news of it cheered his last days in exile.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

PROF. HERMANN BROCKHAUS.

We are sorry to have to announce the death, on the 5th instant, of the veteran Sanskritist, Dr. Hermann Brockhaus, for many years Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Leipzig. He was brother to the well-known Leipzig publisher of the same name, and belonged to a family of good position and of very considerable means in Leipzig, Dresden, and other towns in Germany. The memory of Prof. Brockhaus will probably live not so much in works of original research or masterly criticism of Sanskrit texts, as in the grateful recollections of the many young men whom he started in their study of Sanskrit. Few professors, even in Germany, can have left the scene of their labours with the pleasant consciousness of having thrown so much good seed into such good ground as he to whom Prof. Max Müller referred in his address at the International Congress of Orientalists held in London in September, 1874, when he used the words:—"When some thirty years ago I received my first lessons in Sanskrit from Prof. Brockhaus, whom I am happy and proud to see to-day among us, there were but few students who ventured to dive into the depths of Vedic literature." No doubt Prof. Brockhaus's Sanskrit classes were in those days not so well-attended as of late, for the number of the students of Sanskrit has been steadily increasing in Germany: some seven or eight years ago Prof. Brockhaus used to have two classes in Sanskrit—namely, an elementary one counting from twenty to thirty students, and a more advanced one of about half the number; besides these, he had at times a class beginning with Zend and Zoroastrian literature. And as to his manner, he was naturally of a most genial disposition, and thoroughly at peace with himself and his surroundings. When the present writer had the pleasure of attending his lectures he was probably past his best days, but still he was an excellent teacher, who never got tired of his subject, and he could even then grow enthusiastic over the *yoga* and other points in Indian philosophy and religion, which he might be forgiven for having grown tired of by reason of years of teaching and the consequent familiarity which ever tends to take the edge off one's curiosity and zeal even for the truth. JOHN RHYNS.

PROFESSOR KOECHLY.

PROFESSOR HERMANN AUGUST KOECHLY, who has lately died in Trieste from the effects of a fall from his horse while riding on the battle-field of Marathon, was one of the numerous German scholars for whose possession Zürich had to thank the revolution of 1848. He was born at Leipzig in 1815, and was called to Dresden in 1840, where he remained until his flight into Switzerland in the year of revolution. Koechly used to say that his philological studies were responsible for the part which he took in the politics of his native Saxony. He had published a series of writings in Dresden on the principle and the reform of Gymnasial instruction, and had been nominated one of the committee of four for the drawing-up of a general school-law for the Kingdom of Saxony, when he was suddenly called to active political work by his election to the Saxon Second Chamber. Although he belonged to the "moderate" Left, he was compelled to fly from his fatherland after the May catastrophe. He worked for thirteen years in the University of Zürich as Professor of Greek and Roman Literature. In 1864 he accepted a call to Heidelberg. The Zürichers say that he often expressed his regret at having left them. He had visited Greece in order to get a view of the excavations in Olympia. It was a strange coincidence that the author of so many studies on the military life of the Greeks should have met his death on the field of Marathon. The first of these, his *Geschichte der Griechischen Kriegswesens*, appeared in Aarau in 1852. His collection of the Greek military writers, with a German translation and

elucidations, was published in Leipzig. Part of his lesser writings are collected in the volumes of his *Opuscula Academica* and *Akademische Vorträge und Reden*. While he was at Zürich he poured forth a series of dissertations on the Homeric song and the antique "Volksdichtung," in which he took a lively interest. Riistow was his fellow-labourer in his principal works on the military affairs of the Greeks and Romans.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for January publishes some interesting letters from the members of the expedition which is making its way from the Zanzibar coast towards the Victoria Nyanza. The expedition started in four divisions: the first, under Messrs. O'Neill and Clark, reached Mpwapwa on August 24; a second, under the Rev. C. Wilson and Mr. W. Robertson, was within two days of that place on September 5; and the third and fourth divisions, led by Mr. Mackay and Lieut. Smith, expected to reach Mpwapwa early in October.

News from Colonel Prejevalsky on his new journey has been received by the Russian Geographical Society, to the effect that he has safely crossed the Thian Shan, and travelling by the valley of the river Yuldus had reached to within fifty versts of Karashar in Eastern Kashgar, on October 14.

The *Geographical Magazine* for this month brings to a conclusion the series of papers on the Arctic Expedition, in giving an outline of the results which have been gained for physical geography, hydrography, geology, botany, and zoology during its operations. A paper on the share about to be taken by Portugal in the International exploration of Africa, translated from the *Journal de Commerce* of November, 1876, supplies a great deal of perfectly new and important information on the country which lies south and east of Benguela, and of the tribes inhabiting it, as far as the Makololo country on the Upper Zambezi. Among other points of interest brought out is that of the northward extension into this region of some tribes which cannot fail to be identified with the Bushmen known farther south, thus considerably enlarging the known range of this perhaps aboriginal people of South Africa.

It is announced that Mr. J. B. Minchin, C.E., and Commander Musters, R.N., the latter known by his Patagonian journeys, have completed a new map of the Republic of Bolivia, based on accurate astronomical observations. It is to be hoped that some arrangement may be made for the publication of this valuable work.

A SHORT time back Mr. Thomas Gardner, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Poti, on the banks of the River Rio (the ancient Phasis), in Asiatic Russia, penetrated into the uninhabited and unknown region of the Abkassian forests of Transcaucasia. He was accompanied by two Englishmen and six natives from the coast. The first part of the journey—he informs the Foreign Office—to the sources of the Rivers Bzib and Goomista, was made on horseback, but not without the loss of two horses, which were killed by falling off the narrow paths; the rest of the journey was accomplished on foot (a distance of about 220 versts), through splendid forests of Normandy pine, birch, beech, oak, chestnut, walnut, and boxwood. The climate on the high land was good, and the scenery grand; several of the passes were very difficult; one in particular, called the Bear's Path, in the valley of the Bzib, on the face of a steep precipice, with the river foaming 500 feet below and rocks upon rocks towering overhead, was of the most dangerous description. When these forests are opened, Mr. Gardner estimates that there will be a supply of prime boxwood for fifteen years, after which that of inferior quality must be resorted to, as in Mingrelia.

The Plain of Peking and the Neighbouring Country, by Dr. E. Bretschneider, physician to the Russian Legation at Peking, has been translated from the German of Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* by N. E. [? Ney Elias], and published, with map, at the Government Press at Simla. From his nine years' residence in the Chinese capital, Dr. Bretschneider is enabled to give a mass of accurate information on a subject which has hitherto only been dealt with in a stray chapter of "sketches" and "impressions" of travel.

SLAVONIC LITERATURE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Moscow Gazette* sends that paper an interesting account of South-Slavonic literary matters. At Novy Sad, or Neu-satz, a Servian translation of *Romeo and Juliet* has lately been brought out, at a theatre in which also original Servian pieces are occasionally performed. The third part has just appeared there of Vladan Georgievitch's collection of tales, entitled *Skupljene Pripovetke*. Also the fifth of the periodical *Srbadija*, or "Servian Nation," containing, among other articles, one by Vuk Vetchevich, on "Popular Superstitions and Witchcraft," and a biography of the celebrated Herzegovinian Voyvode Lazar Sotchitsa, which is said to throw new light on the insurrection in Herzegovina. It is illustrated, moreover, with portraits of Dr. Miletitch, the editor of the Servian political newspaper *Zastava*, or "Banner," published at Neusatz (who not long ago got into trouble with the Austrian Government on account of his political opinions), and of Prof. Branko Raftich, whose sympathy with the Servians is said to have led to his premature death. Passing on to Croat literature, the writer praises highly the *Transactions* of the Agram South Slavonic Academy, and then gives an account of a most important paper read there on November 8 by the eminent Slavonic scholar Prof. Jagić, of Berlin, being the first section of a work to be called *Materials for Slavonic Poetry*. Prof. Jagić states that the oldest lyric poems of the Slavs are found among the Czechs and Poles, the oldest epic among the Russians and South Slavonians. During the past year, it seems, the South-Slavonic Academy of Agram has published four volumes of its *Transactions*, one part devoted to "Antiquities," and the other to "Ancient Writers." It has also been collecting materials for the publication of a *Codex Diplomaticus et Epistolaris*, the first section of which is now being printed, and is preparing to print "Venetian Accounts of Dalmatia," "Ragusa Chronicles," and Croat *Acta Dietaria*. But these works will not be ready for some time to come. At present there is in the press the first part of "Historico-juridical Records" of the South Slavonians. Copious materials for a Servian-Croat Dictionary have been amassed, and it is hoped that during the present year the Servian philologist Yury Darutich will go to Agram for the purpose of editing the work. Among the Western Slavonians, the most intellectually energetic are the Czechs, among whom the writer names some sixteen more or less literary societies now at work. Among Czech books he mentions two on the Eastern Question, also the publication of the sixth part of Palacky's *Czech History*. It seems, moreover, that Dr. Hermen-gild Jiriček is preparing a collection of all the old juridical records of the Slavonic peoples, beginning with the *Russkaya Pravda*. To the Slavonic originals will be appended a glossary of juridical terms, and a separate volume will contain a German translation.

HUGH PETERS.

AMONG the many Cambridge graduates of minor fame about whom the antiquary William Cole was diligent in searching for particulars was the fiery fanatic Hugh Peters, who left Trinity

College for the stage, and the stage for the Church. Peters' connexion with the Commonwealth and his execution with other regicides in 1660 are matters of history; our reference to him here is with a view to quote (from the Cole MSS. in the British Museum) the remarks with which the notice of him concludes, as an amusing illustration of academical prejudices a century ago:—

"One would hardly think it possible that so vile a character as that of this buffoon should in our enlightened time, as it affected by certain people to be called, meet with a protector and patron! yet when Wilkes and liberty are cried up by the clergy, one may not wonder that Hugh Peters is a favoured character. It will scarcely be believed that dining with the Master of a College in 1770 he showed me the picture of this scoundrel in his gallery together with that of Oliver Cromwell, at the same time telling me that when he was made Master he found these pictures with an insulting inscription on each of them which he had caused to be obliterated, there being no reason, he said, why other people should give such characters to them. I might though I did not have asked his worship by what authority he obliterated what was given to the College and not to himself. However it showed the stamp and political sentiments of this élève of Lord Hardwicke. If this had not done it his coming from his living near Cambridge in the summer of 1771 to vote for degrees being given to those who would not subscribe to the liturgy, articles, and other subscriptions would have been a sufficient proof of it. . . . things that had been attempted long before by the disciples of Hugh Peters down from his time to our own but never before by those who called themselves members of the church of England. When I reflected that this college had been visited by Mr. Wilkes in the summer in his progress to take up his freedom at Lynn, and neglected by every one else I was not much surprised at this behaviour," &c.

The Master, or, rather, President, of Queen's College, Dr. Robert Plumptre, son of the M.P. for Nottingham, is the free-thinking dignitary alluded to. He is elsewhere described by Cole as "thin and sharp-nosed," the owners of such noses being, as a rule, he writes, "snappish, peevish, and positive."

MÉLUSINE.

THE first number has just appeared in Paris of a periodical devoted to mythology and folk-lore, under the joint editorship of MM. H. Gaidoz and E. Rolland—*Mélusine, Revue de Mythologie, Littérature populaire, Traditions et Usages*. Dirigée par MM. H. Gaidoz and E. Rolland. (Paris: Vaut.) While aiming at making itself "the repository of the popular literature and traditions of the provinces of France," and especially of their popular poetry, the new Review will also "embrace in its infinite variety the whole world of mythology and legend." The opening number contains a long and (as might be supposed from the name of its author) most valuable essay by M. Gaston Paris on "The Study of Popular Poetry in France," in which, among other things, he gives some excellent advice to collectors and editors of the songs of the common people, begging them to be rigidly accurate, to give as many variants as possible, but to avoid all filling-up of gaps or patching together of fragments, to give the airs of songs when they can, to notify where and by whom every song was sung or recited, and to cut short all comments which do not deal with facts. Would that story-collectors could be induced to follow the practical advice given by M. Gaston Paris to collectors of songs! Next comes an article by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, being the preface to his forthcoming collection of Eastern Popular Melodies, accompanied by a specimen of a modern Greek "Nurse Song," arranged for the piano. This is followed by a translation from the Czech of that part of Chap. iv. of Jireček's *History of the Bulgars* which deals with Slav mythology. Besides these critical articles, we have some specimens of superstitious beliefs from La

Neuville-Chant-d'Oisel in Normandy, communicated by M. F. Baudry, and an account (with an illustration) of the peculiar "costume de relevailles" worn at Batz (Loire-Inférieure). M. Luzel sends a Breton version of the "Master-Thief" story, and M. Loys Bruyère (*qu.* M. Loys Bruyère, the erudite author of a work on *Les Contes Populaires de la Grande Bretagne?*) a Creole story entitled "Papa Tigre et Papa Mouton." Some specimens of popular song, and some brief but useful bibliographical notices by M. Gaidoz, bring to a close the first number of a periodical which promises to be well worthy of cordial support.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS AT WISBY IN SWEDEN.

II.

2. St. NICHOLAUS: built about 1097. This was the church of a Dominican convent. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, and chancel, all nearly complete. The nave is 169 ft. 7 in. by 25 ft. 4 in., divided from each aisle by six arches on square pillars. The north aisle is the same length as the nave, and 15 ft. 2 in. wide. The south aisle is the same length, and 15 ft. wide. The chancel ends in a three-sided apse, and is 25 ft. 3 in. east and west by 27 ft. 11 in. north and south. On the north side of the chancel was a sacristy. In the north aisle is a round-headed portal. In the south aisle are two round-headed portals, both much mutilated. The west one was the main entrance to the church. It was formed of four rectangular orders, with shafts in the recesses. The caps which surmount the shafts are carved with foliage, but those over the rectangular members of the jamb are plain. This is the system usually adopted in Wisby. The arch above the impost is semicircular, and consists of rectangular orders and rolls in the recesses, as before described at St. Maria. There is no hood. The tympanum is filled up by a large slab. On this is engraved a border, a lily* in the middle, and on each side a figure of a bishop with the pastoral staff and in the act of blessing. Over one is *s^{us} AVGVSTINVS*, and over the other *s^{us} NICHOLAVS*. In this, as in almost every case, the abacus of the cap of the portal does not project on the front of the outer member of the jamb. The clear doorway is about 12 ft. 6½ in. by 7 ft. 8½ in. The other doorway is of the same style, but of three orders. The vault has partly fallen in. It is evident that this church underwent very large alterations about the fourteenth century. On the south of it are remains of old buildings connected with the convent, vaulted. On the outside of the north wall are marks of vaulting, as if cloisters once existed there.

3. St. Gertrude: built about 1167. This chapel is stated to have been built by merchants from Holland. It consists of one unbroken space terminating in a semicircle inside, but in a rectangular end outside. About 8 ft. in height remains of the west end of the east end. The side-walls are wholly destroyed. The only portal is in the west end, of one rectangular order, with a semicircular head and a solid tympanum, on which is engraved St. Gertrude holding in her hand a church. This mode of terminating the east end is used in Helig-Ands Church in Wisby, in the south aisle of Romsey Abbey, and in St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh. I shall be obliged to anyone who will give me other instances.

4. Helig-Ands (Holy Ghost): built about 1046. It consists of an octagon nave and a chancel, terminating in an apse, with an upper storey to the nave, all nearly complete. The octagon is 44 ft. east and west, and 46 ft. 10 in. north and south inside, and the chancel 33 ft. 10 in. by 25 ft. 6 in. The chief portal is in the south wall,

of the same style as the one described in St. Maria. It has been somewhat injured. Another small doorway gives ingress to the chancel. The vault of the nave is on four octagonal pillars supporting semicircular ribs. The chancel is rectangular outside, and the spaces between the apse and the corners form sacristies. Over the nave is an upper church, also vaulted, on four round pillars supporting pointed ribs; and between the two churches is an aperture in the vault which has caused much dispute. It has been assumed that this opening was uncovered at service time: but this is not necessary. There are several churches in Germany with two storeys, but I have not learnt whether all have this feature. See *Fergusson*, ii., p. 32.

5. St. Clemens: built about 1046. This church consists of nave, north and south aisles, chancel, transverse aisle on south of chancel, west tower and vapenhus on the south of the south nave-aisle, all nearly complete as to side-walls; but the nave arcades—three arches on each side—have been pulled down. The nave and aisles are alike in length, 58 ft. east and west, and together 54 ft. north and south. The chancel is 50 ft. 10 in. east and west, and 31 ft. north and south. In the north wall of the north aisle is a ruined portal, and a perfect one in the south wall between the vapenhus and aisle, but built up. On the north of the chancel was a sacristy of two stories. From the upper chamber two arches, now built up, opened into the chancel. This singular feature occurs in the abbey church of Iona.

6. St. Olof: built about 1102. Only a portion of the tower, the bases of two pillars, and fragments of the north and south walls remain. It consisted of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and west tower. The ashlar work has been stripped from the tower, and the chancel is entirely gone. The nave and aisles appear to have been 65 ft. 9 in. long, and together 46 ft. 9 in. in width. In the west wall of the tower is a large portal with semicircular head and carved tympanum.

7. St. Drotten. This term has given rise to much dispute. It is generally thought to mean "Lord," so that the name would be "The Lord's Church." It was built about 1086. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel terminating in an apse, west tower and vapenhus attached to the south aisle, all tolerably complete, except that the nave arcades—three arches on each side—have been pulled down. The nave and aisles are 50 ft. 3 in. east and west, and together 48 ft. 6 in. north and south. The chancel, with apse, is 37 ft. 4 in. east and west, and 24 ft. 10 in. north and south. In the north of the north aisle is a ruined portal, and in the south wall is another giving access to the vapenhus, partially ruined.

8. St. Lars. The word Lars is a corruption of Lawrence. Built about 1046. This church is nearly in the form of a Greek cross with an apse added to the east limb, but in the four angles adjoining the central space are four aisles each common to two of the limbs of the cross. Over the west limb is a tower. On the north of the chancel was a sacristy. The whole was vaulted, and except that the outer roof is all but complete. The nave with the tower is 63 ft. east and west, and 23 ft. north and south; the transepts 71 ft. north and south, and 22 ft. east and west; the chancel with apse 23 ft. east and west, and 23 ft. 3 in. north and south. In the west, north, and south ends are large portals, and in the south of chancel is a smaller one. The west portal is of the same style as that in the south aisle of St. Maria, except that it is not under a pediment. The north portal resembles in style the north portal of St. Nicholas. The south portal differs from all others at Wisby. Below the capitals the jambs are a plain splay with four free shafts in front of them. Above the capitals the arch is of two orders with rolls, as in portales before mentioned. The edge of one order has the dog-tooth ornament on it. On the east capital is the only example in Wisby of the volute

so often found in England, indicative of transitional style.

9. St. Catharina. This was the church of a Franciscan convent. It is stated to have been built in 1160, but only part of that building remains—most of what we now see having been consecrated in 1412. It consists of nave, north and south aisles, and chancel with apse. All was once vaulted, but only ribs remain. This church much resembles St. Nicholas'. A tower has been built in the west part of the nave. The nave was 166 ft. 3 in. by 23 ft. The north aisle was the same length by 12 ft. The chancel and apse are 33 ft. 1 in. east and west and 24 ft. north and south. Most of the side walls remain tolerably complete. The main part of the north wall is original, and in it are two portals; each originally projected from the wall and under a pedimental head. On the south are two portals—one leads to an upper chamber over a crypt, and the other to the cloister court. In the north wall of the chancel is an ornate portal. On the south side are the remains of a building, the lower part of which was a crypt, the second floor probably a sacristy, and the upper chambers for some other use. Many alterations have been made in this church at various times, especially in the fifteenth century, which it would be useless to describe without a plan for reference. Under the east part of the south aisle is a crypt communicating with that under the building before-mentioned. On the south of the church was the convent, of which some buildings remain; among others one wall of a vaulted building parallel to the church. There are also brackets and marks of the vault of the cloisters.

10. St. Hans: built about 1130. This was one of the best churches in Gotland, but the parts remaining are very puzzling, and do not enable us to restore the ground-plan on paper. It is even uncertain to which part the remains extant belong. It appears probable that there were a nave, north and south aisles, a tower on the north side, a building, perhaps vapenhus, on the north of it, and a large building of some kind on the south. The north-west pier of tower remains to its full height. The other remains are of various heights. If I am right about the position of the nave and aisles, they were together 42 ft. 5 in. wide. A cloister-court apparently existed on the south of the supposed south aisle. Doubtless, excavations would partly solve the difficulty.

11. St. Göran. The word Göran is a form of "George." It is stated that this church was built about 1200 for a hospital church, and that a hospital once stood near it. It consists of a double nave, chancel, and sacristy on the north of the chancel. A vapenhus once stood at the west end. The double nave is 65 ft. 9 in. east and west, and 35 ft. 11 in. north and south; the chancel 51 ft. east and west, and 28 ft. 7 in. north and south. The whole was vaulted. The double nave was under two series of vaulted arches, but under one high-pitched outer roof. Each half-nave has a small portal in the west end, of plain rectangular jambs and a semicircular head. In the north wall is an opening from which all the jambs and arch have been taken, and on the south is a similar opening. On the south of the chancel is a portal having a pointed arch head. The two halves of the nave are divided by three arches. The east pillar was close against the chancel arch, but is gone. The central pillar is gone except the base. It was circular. The west pillar remains, square and larger: and a division of wood existed between this pillar and the part of the west wall between the two portals. I do not know the reason of this singular arrangement. It exists at Walls, Gotland; Stånga and Föli, Gotland; St. Nicholas, Soest; at Hannington, in Northamptonshire; and at Caythorpe, in Lincolnshire.

Interesting as Wisby is for its ecclesiastical remains, it is more so for its military works. We have no such example in Great Britain. The wall of the city is evidently of two dates. The first

* This lily closely resembles that on the seal No. 4 mentioned hereafter.

wall is not more than 2 ft. thick at the bottom in some parts, and in some parts has small windows in it high up, as if chambers had been attached to the inside. At a later date a wall was added to the inside, built on a series of arches, 3 ft. thick at the bottom, but sloped or "battered" from 3 ft. thick at the bottom to about 1 ft. thick at the top. These arches are pointed, and rest on very short piers. They vary in width from 10 ft. to 13 ft., and the piers from 3 ft. to 5 ft. Where the windows occur the inner wall blocks them, showing that it is posterior to the windows.

The castle of Wisby was at the south-east corner of the city, but the whole superstructure is destroyed, only some of the substructure of the outer works remains. There are three kinds of towers used: (1) towers with gates in them; (2) rectangular towers founded on the soil or rock, and (3) towers resting on brackets, placed at several feet up the wall. There are now three principal gate-houses, the south, east, and north. The north gate-house is 31 ft. wide, 34 ft. 10 in. through, and full 50 ft. high. The south and east gate-houses are not far off the same measure. The ordinary towers vary in size, but are generally about 24 ft. wide, and nearly the same in projection from the wall. They have four or five stories besides the floor inside the parapets which forms the roof. Some must be 60 ft. in height. The lower part is square, but the upper part of most has the angles canted. Usually each story has five openings. The bracketed towers vary in size and in form; they are about 18 ft. wide, and had only two stories besides the floor on the top. The gate towers seem to have had a closed chamber next over the passage, and some others had one on the ground-floor. With these exceptions the back or town side of all the towers was open, doubtless to render them useless against the town if they should chance to be taken by an enemy. Besides the three gate-houses there are twenty-six towers on the ground (four of which had smaller gates in them) and seven bracketed towers. Several of the latter kind have been destroyed. No two towers were exactly alike, and they vary much as to their present state of disrepair. The portcullis grooves remain in the gate-houses. I had only time to take a few measures of these interesting remains, but made a few sketches and notes. I do not find any exactly similar towers given in Viollet-le-Duc's *Military Architecture*.

In the *Archaeological Journal*, vol. xii., p. 256, 1855, is an article on seven seals of commercial guilds of Wisby, with cuts of the seals.

About a mile north of the town, on a lofty eminence, is the ancient gallows. This consists of three stone pillars, each about 3 ft. square and 15 ft. high, set in a triangle at about 24 ft. apart, surrounded by a wall, now much ruined. I presume that beams were placed on these pillars, so that if necessary twenty or thirty unfortunates might be hung comfortably. (See Viollet-le-Duc, under "Fourches.")

I was much assisted in various ways by several persons, the British acting Vice-Consul among the number; and, though I do not give their names, I hope they will appropriate my thanks if they read this very imperfect description of the curious city in which we became acquainted.

Plans, &c., Completed.

Ground plans of all the churches: $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 2 ft.—Plans above bases and above caps of the plainer portals and elevations of same: $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 1 ft.—Plans above bases and above caps of the less plain portals and elevations of same: $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 6 in.—Plans of all pillars close above bases; plans of some windows: $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 6 in.—Sections of all plinths, bases, mouldings of portals, &c.; elevations of all ornate capitals of portals: $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 3 in.; or $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.—Sketches of many of the above on folio.

H. DRYDEN.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

BLAKE, J. F. *Astronomical Myths*. Macmillan. 9s.
CHINTREUIL et son œuvre, catalogué par J. Desbrosses. Paris: Cadart. 35 fr.
DREW, Frederick. *The Northern Barrier of India: a Popular Account of the Jummoo and Kashmir Territories*. Stamford. 12s.
GORČEVIĆ, S. Montenegro u. die Montenegriner. Leipzig: Fries. 3 M. 60 Pf.
KANITZ, F. *Donau-Bulgarien u. der Balkan*. Historisch-geographisch-ethnograph. Reisestudien aus den J. 1860-1876. 2 Bd. Leipzig: Fries. 18 M.
PARADISE LOST. Fac-simile Reprint of the First Edition. Elliot Stock. 10s. 6d.

History.

BLACK-BOOK of the Admiralty. Vol. IV. Ed. Sir Travers Twiss. (Rolls Series.) Longmans. 10s.
FRIEDENFELS, E. v. Joseph Budens v. Scharberg. 2 Thl. 1848-1858. Wien: Braumüller. 12 M.
GRAGNON-LACOSTE. *Toussaint Louverture, général en chef de l'armée de Saint-Domingue*. Paris: Durand. 7 fr. 50 c.
HIGDEN'S Polychronicon. Ed. J. R. Lumby. Vol. VI. (Rolls Series.) Longmans. 10s.
LEONTIJEV, K. N. *Der Byzantismus u. das Slaventhum*. Moscow.
MATTHEW PARIS'S Chronica Majora. Ed. H. R. Luard. Vol. III. (Rolls Series.) Longmans. 10s.
RALPH DE DICERO'S Historical Works. Ed. W. Stubbs. (Rolls Series.) Longmans. 20s.
ZIEGLER, C. Illustrationen zur Topographie d. alten Rom. 4 Hft. Stuttgart: Neff. 6 M.

Physical Science.

FLAMMARION, C. *Les Terres du Ciel*. Paris: Didier.
GUILLÉMIN'S Applications of Physical Forces. Ed. J. Norman Lockyer. Macmillan. 36s.
MARTIUS, C. F. P. de. *Flora brasiliensis*. Ed. A. G. Eichler. Fasc. 71. Leipzig: Fleischer. 34 M.
MULSANT, E., et E. VERREAUX. *Histoire naturelle des oiseaux-mouches ou colibris*. T. III. Livr. 1 et 2. Lyon: Georg. PEIFFER, L. *Monographia helicocorum viventium*. Vol. VIII. Fasc. 3. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 4 M. 50 Pf.
VIRCHOW, R. *Beiträge zur physischen Anthropologie der Deutschen m. besond. Berücksicht. der Friesen*. Berlin: Dümmler. 20 M.
WILLKOMM, M., et J. LANGE. *Prodromus florae hispanicae*. Vol. III. Pars 2. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 10 M.

Philology.

ARISTOTLE'S Politics, Books I., III., IV. (VII.). Trans. W. E. Bolland, with introductory Essays by A. Lang. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
BERLINER, A. *Die Massorah zum Targum Onkelos, enth. Massorah magna u. Massorah parva*. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 4 M.
HAUPTH, M. *Opuscula*. Vol. III., pars posterior. Leipzig: Hirzel. 10 M.
STUDIEN zur griechischen u. lateinischen Grammatik. Hrsg. v. G. Curtius u. K. Brugman. 9. Bd. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE.

6 Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater : Jan. 6, 1877.

At page 886 of the last December number of the *Athenaeum*, 1876, I find the following words of Mr. Taylor:

"Three years ago, when those conclusions were first put forward, the universal belief among philologists was that the Etruscan language belonged either to the Aryan or to the Semitic family; and, further, it was very generally held that it would ultimately be proved to be connected with the Italic class. I think I may even go so far as to say that the only whisper of any possible Turanian affinity was contained in one short unnoticed sentence hidden away in the bulky tomes of Mr. James Ferguson's *History of Architecture*."

Now, in order to enable the impartial reader to judge how far Mr. Taylor is correct in asserting his claims to priority in such a statement, I shall only quote the following passage, taken from the second edition of Vater's *Literatur der Grammatiken, Lexika, etc.*, printed in 1847:—

"Der Ursprung der durch Wissenschaft, Kunst und Handel gleich ausgezeichneten Etrusker oder Rhasener, des ältesten weit verbreiteten Kulturvolkes Italiens, ist so dunkel, dass sie bald mit Kelten, bald mit Slaven oder anderen Völkern in Verbindung gebracht sind. Nach Niebuhr's, Müller's und A. Forschungen soll ihre, nur durch geringe Überreste bekannte, Sprache dem Indogermanischen Stammem völlig fremd sein."

It seems, then, very clear that more than thirty years ago the *non-Aryanit*y of the Etruscan was, as it is now, partially admitted.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 15.—5 P.M. London Institution: "Health Improvements in Great Cities," II. by Dr. B. W. Richardson.

8 P.M. Monday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall.

TUESDAY, Jan. 16.—8 P.M. Royal Institution: "On the Human Form: its Structure in Relation to its Contour," by Prof. A. H. Garrod.

7.45 P.M. Statistical: "Some Statistics of the Affiliated Orders of Friendly Societies," by F. G. P. Nelson.

8 P.M. Civil Engineer: "Repairs and Renewals of Locomotives," by A. McDonnell.

8.30 P.M. Zoological: "Exhibition of some Arctic Birds, and Remarks on their Distribution within the Polar Area," by Capt. Feilden; "Notes on the Solid-hoofed Pigs in the Society's Collection," by Prof. A. H. Garrod; "Notes on the Mammals of the Argentine Republic," by H. Durnford; "Notes on a young Cassowary from North Australia," by Gerard Krefft.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17.—7 P.M. Meteorological: Annual General Meeting.

8 P.M. Society of Arts.

8 P.M. British Archaeological: "The Suez Canal, Ancient and Modern," by J. W. Grover; "Feisberg Stone-ware," by H. Syer Cumming.

THURSDAY, Jan. 18.—8 P.M. Royal Institution: "On Metals and the chief industrial Uses of these Bodies and their Compounds," by Dr. Wright.

7 P.M. London Institution: "English Madrigal Composers," by W. A. Barrett.

8 P.M. Chemical: "Preliminary Account of some new Reactions in Organic Chemistry, and their ultimate Bearings," by C. T. Kingzett and H. W. Hake; "On Kekulé's and Ladenburgh's Benzene Symbols," by H. E. Armstrong, &c.

8 P.M. Royal Albert Hall Choral Society: Haydn's *Creation*.

8.30 P.M. Royal Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 19.—8 P.M. Philological: "On Here and There in Chancery," by Dr. Weymouth.

9 P.M. Royal Institution: "A Combat with an infective Atmosphere," by Prof. Tyndall.

SCIENCE.

Ostriches and Ostrich Farming. By Julius de Mosenthal and James Edmund Harting. (London: Trübner & Co., 1876.)

In the preface to this handsome work we are informed how what was originally intended for a pamphlet grew, "by a process of evolution," into a volume. At the late Vienna Exhibition a collection of feathers, artificial incubators, &c., illustrating the new industry of ostrich-farming, was shown by Mr. de Mosenthal, the Commissioner for the South African Colonies. The subject excited so much interest, and so many enquiries were addressed to Mr. de Mosenthal, that he resolved to publish the information at his command, and he consequently applied to Mr. Harting, the well-known ornithologist, to prepare a preliminary account of the natural history of these giant birds. Thus the present work consists of two distinct parts, the first, which occupies three-fourths of the book, being a monograph by Mr. Harting of the whole order of *Ratidae*, or struthious birds, while the second is an account by Mr. de Mosenthal of the rise and progress of ostrich-farming in the Cape Colony and in other countries.

If unity in the plan and aim of such a work is regarded as essential, Mr. Harting may be thought to be a transgressor in having included the cassowaries and kiwis along with the true ostriches and rheas. None of the former birds yield feathers of commercial value, and we can hardly suppose that Mr. Harting is serious in suggesting that it might be worth while to introduce them even into English farms for edible purposes. Nevertheless we cannot quarrel with him for having given us a very carefully compiled monograph of one of the most interesting groups of birds, in which he has incorporated all the most recent information as to their habits and distribution, and given references to the best authorities on their structure and affinities. Without entering into zoological detail, we may observe

that Mr. Harting recognises one species of true ostrich, inhabiting Africa and parts of Asia, three of rhea from South America, nine of cassowaries from the Eastern Archipelago and Northern Australia, two of emus from Australia, and four of kiwis from New Zealand.

The most striking point in Mr. de Mosenthal's history of ostrich-farming is the wonderful rapidity of development of what is really an entirely novel industry. It is true that as far back as the middle of the last century tame ostriches were kept by the Dutch farmers at the Cape for the sake of their feathers, and that the same has been done for a long period by the native tribes in some parts of Northern and Central Africa. But no systematic attempt to induce the birds to breed in captivity, and thus truly to domesticate the species, seems to have been made till about twenty years ago, and the first successful breeder of ostriches appears to have been M. Hardy, Director of the Acclimatisation Garden at Hamma, in Algeria, who in 1859 received the medal of the Société Impériale d'Acclimatation. His success was followed by that of Prince Demidoff in Italy, Señor Grallés in Spain, and MM. Noel-Suguet and Bouetelle in France; but neither in North Africa nor in Europe has ostrich-farming been yet carried on on an industrial scale, though the attempt is now being renewed in Algeria. In the Cape Colony the first ostrich to be hatched in confinement came into existence, as far as Mr. de Mosenthal can learn, about the year 1866. That the enterprise has proved eminently successful is shown by the census returns of the colony, for while there were only eighty tame ostriches alive in the country in 1865, there were no fewer than 32,247 in 1875. The export of feathers from the Cape in 1858 was only 1,852 lbs., whereas in 1874 it amounted to 36,829 lbs., valued at no less a sum than 205,640*l.* The industry may, therefore, be considered to be already firmly established, and the fair sex may regard the retreat of the wild ostrich before the advances of civilisation with an equanimity which will hardly be shared by the enthusiastic ornithologist and sportsman.

Mr. de Mosenthal gives very interesting details as to the management and economy of the Cape ostrich-farms. As might be expected, breeders are not yet agreed on some points, especially as to the number of birds which may be kept with advantage on a given area of land. This appears to depend entirely on the nature of the soil, for while ostriches thrive well on "soft karoo-veldt" or "sweet-grass lands," which are rich in alkalies, they can only be kept on "zuurveldt" or "sour-grass lands" by the aid of an abundance of artificial food, in the shape of green-crops, "mealies" or Indian-corn, and crushed bones. Mr. H. de Mosenthal calculates that a farm of 300 morgen (600 acres) should support 100 birds if the land is soft grass-veldt, eighty if "soft karoo," and only fifty if "hard karoo;" whereas Mr. Kinneir kept twenty-nine birds in health in a paddock of only eight acres sown with lucerne. Fencing the enclosures does not present such difficulties as might be fancied, for it is found that a comparatively low

stone-wall or wire-fence is sufficient to turn an ostrich, and a farm of 600 acres may be efficiently fenced at a cost of from 350*l.* to 500*l.* When the plumage is in the best condition the old birds are driven into pens, generally at intervals of about eight months, and the best feathers are either plucked or cut off, the yield of an adult ostrich averaging about 10*lb.* per annum in value.

A great impetus to ostrich-farming has been given by the recent introduction of artificial incubation, which has been already brought to such perfection by Mr. Douglas, of Hilton, near Capetown, that hardly one fertile egg in fifty fails to hatch out. By this means the females are induced to lay much more than the normal number of eggs, while the males, relieved of their share of incubation, divide their attentions between two or more mates, so that from only six breeding birds Mr. Douglas has obtained a hundred and thirty healthy young ostriches in one season. When this rapid increase of stock is added to the value of the yield of each bird, it is evident that ostrich-farming, properly conducted in a suitable locality, must eventually be very profitable, though we can hardly agree with our authors that it is likely to be equally successful in countries of which the ostrich is not a natural inhabitant.

Messrs. de Mosenthal and Harting are to be congratulated, not only on their own work, but on the assistance they have received from others, especially from the British Consuls in various parts of Africa, whose reports form a valuable appendix. They have also been fortunate in their illustrations; the Zoological Society has lent them various woodcuts which well illustrate the distinctive characters of the various species of cassowary, and praise is due to Mr. Wood's plates, especially to his rendering of the peculiar texture of the emu's plumage. The volume is a handsome one, and will be found interesting by the general reader, as well as by the ornithologist or the colonist.

EDWARD R. ALSTON.

T. Macci Plauti Comoediae. Recensuit et enarravit Joannes Ludovicus Ussing. Volumen Primum, Amphitruonem et Asiariam cum Prolegomenis et Commentariis continens. (Hanniae, 1875.)

THIS volume is the first instalment of a complete text of Plautus with a commentary. The Prolegomena consist of chapters (1) on the name of Plautus; (2) on the dates of the first productions of his comedies; (3) on the manuscripts and editions of Plautus; (4) on the prologues; (5) on the division into acts; (6) on the *canticula* and *diverbia*; (7) on the metres; (8) on the prosody of Plautus, including paragraphs on his apparent metrical anomalies, such as lengthening of short and shortening of long vowels, syncope, contraction, and hiatus. These chapters are valuable as putting together in a readable and agreeable form a variety of information on the points with which Plautine criticism has been mainly concerned of late; but it must be added that they contain hardly any new matter, and show very little attempt on the part of the editor to deal independently with the

difficult questions of which he treats. This is especially noticeable in the sections devoted to the metrical problems offered by our existing text of Plautus. Apparently despairing of any solution, Ussing treats the apparent metrical anomalies of Plautus as so many licences and nothing more. No attempt is made to give any *rationale* of them, even when, as in the case of the apparent lengthening of short final vowels, it is clear that some *rationale* can often be given. And this, although parts of the subject have been successfully dealt with by Corssen and others. In the difficult question of the *hiatus* Ussing, professing caution, virtually throws himself on MSS. authority. If this authority is to be trusted, Plautus must have allowed himself as many *hiatuses* in verse as Cicero in prose, and probably more; a difficult conclusion to accept in the case of such a master of pure Latin style. But, says Ussing, Cicero himself testifies that there were old poets who, like Naevius, "ut versus facerent, saepe hiabant," and that of these poets Plautus may have been one. That he was one is not proved, and even supposing it were, there remains the question whether, after all, Cicero and the literary men of his time understood the language and metres of Plautus. Between the beginning of the second century B.C. and the middle of the first the Latin language had changed much. In the Ciceronian age Plautus was probably preserved only in copies carelessly written by ignorant scribes; the traditions of old Latin were obscured and forgotten; there was no historical criticism of language and metre to ask and answer the right questions. And so to restore the text of Plautus to its original state is impossible; but still it would be idle to deny that in the present state of philology much light may be thrown on questions affecting Plautine language and metres from the collateral evidence afforded by comparative grammar and the monuments of early Latin. Take, for instance, such cases of alleged *hiatus* as *a patria avehit, cum laterna advenit, cum tua amica*: it is surely more probable that in the time of Plautus some relics of the old ablative *d* survived, if not universally in literary documents, at least in popular pronunciation, than that any poet should allow himself to commit such violations of euphony. Again, can we think it likely that Plautus would have written and pronounced such a *hiatus* as *pro osse*, or *pro offa*, instead of *prod osse*, *prod offa*, when we have the common Latin verb *prod-esse* before us? or that he would have written *me esse*, *me emittes*, *te exorarier*, when *med* and *ted* were current forms in his time? It may be urged, indeed, that an editor is not bound to commit himself on these doubtful points. Perhaps; but he should at least, we think, discuss them independently without passing over any of the available evidence; and our complaint against this book is that the editor does not attempt this, but contents himself, in most instances, with a bare mention of the MS. reading, and of the opinions of the scholars by whose labours these problems have been mainly elucidated. It would seem that there are three things which have chiefly to be considered in any thorough treatment of the Latin comic metres—namely,

accent, pronunciation, and old grammatical forms. Ussing treats only of the ordinary rules of prosody and quantity, arranges his instances accordingly, and does not attempt to approach the question from the side of grammar and scientific philology.

In the new readings introduced into the text on his own conjecture Ussing does not, we think, often improve upon Fleckeisen. We must not, however, take leave of the book without observing that the explanatory notes have the great merit of being not only full, but terse and sensible, and that, with the exceptions mentioned above, few necessary explanations are omitted. A modern commentary on Plautus is much required, and we are glad to learn that Ussing proposes to continue his work to the whole of Plautus. It is the more to be regretted that he has contributed so little to the solution of the main difficulties of Plautine criticism.

H. NETTLESHIP.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

Nervous System of the Sea-Urchin.—M. Frédéricq, working in the laboratory of Prof. Lacaze-Duthiers at Roscoff, publishes the following abstract of the results at which he has arrived on this subject in the *Comptes Rendus* for November 13, 1876. When the peristomial membrane of an *Echinus* has been incised in five places so as to cut across the ambulacral nerve-trunks, the tube-feet are not paralysed. They continue to move about in all directions, and to attach themselves to surrounding objects: but all co-ordination among them is at an end, and the animal is no longer able to change its place like its uninjured fellows. Stimulation of an ambulacral nerve-trunk by the induced current is invariably followed by retraction of all the tube-feet in the corresponding ambulacral area. There is reason to believe that, apart from the internal nervous system, an independent plexus of nerve-fibres is situated in the substance of the integument which clothes the outer surface of the test. All attempts to demonstrate this plexus anatomically have hitherto failed; but the following observations can hardly be explained without assuming it to exist. If the integument be pricked at any point with a needle, all the spines and pedicellariae within a certain distance bend down towards that point as if to shield it against injury. This experiment is equally successful when it is tried on fragments completely severed from the rest of the body. The channels of communication between the irritated point and the muscles by which the spines and pedicellariae are moved must run in the substance of the integument itself; for the defensive movements may be restricted to an area of any form or size by circumscribing it with an incision. If a triangular, circular, or quadrilateral patch be isolated by dividing the integument with a fine scalpel, only those spines and pedicellariae which are situated upon the patch in question will be thrown into movement when this is pricked; on the other hand, they alone will remain impulsive when the needle-point is applied just outside the boundary-line of the isolated area.

On the Elimination of Ammonium Chloride.—This salt was long believed, on the authority of Neubauer, to pass out of the system unaltered. Recently, however, it has been asserted by Knieriem, and his assertions have been confirmed by Salkowski, that ammonium chloride undergoes decomposition in the body, its ammonia being excreted by the kidneys in the highly complex form of urea. A synthetic process of this nature would not be in accordance with analogy; its occurrence, if established, would be of great

theoretical interest. Hence Voit has undertaken to investigate the matter afresh (*Sitzungsber. der München. Akad.*, 1876, Heft 2.). Large doses of ammonium chloride were given to a dog, previously brought into a state of nitrogen-equilibrium. The quantity of urea eliminated was found, in conformity with the statements of Knieriem and Salkowski, to be very much increased (nearly doubled); but it was also ascertained that this increase could not be accounted for by supposing the ammonia of the salt administered to have been converted into urea. Voit proved long ago that the excretion of urea might be greatly augmented by the administration of sodium chloride, and that this augmentation was due to a more rapid decomposition of albumen in the system; hence, it is *a priori* probable that the effects of ammonium chloride are due to the same cause. But Neubauer's original statement as to the elimination of this compound in an unchanged form must be given up; for while the chlorine of the ammonium chloride is very soon got rid of, the elimination of the ammonia takes a relatively long time to be accomplished. In all likelihood, the salt is split up by the alkaline phosphates of the blood, ammonium phosphate and alkaline chlorides being produced.

On the Conversion of Glycogen into Glucose.—It is commonly laid down in our text-books that hepatic glycogen is speedily and completely transformed into glucose by the salivary and pancreatic ferments. During an investigation conducted with another object in view, Prof. Seegen believed himself to have come across facts incompatible with this doctrine (*Centralblatt für die med. Wiss.*, November 25, 1876). A weighed quantity of perfectly dried glycogen, prepared from the liver of the dog by Brücke's method, and shown to be absolutely free from nitrogen and salts, was dissolved in water; a certain quantity of saliva or pancreatic extract was then added to the opalescent liquid. After a time, this became clear, and contained no trace of glycogen or dextrin; but the glucose present, measured by Fehling's solution, was always noticed to fall short of the calculated quantity. Taking 100 to represent the amount of glucose that ought to have been furnished by the complete transformation of all the glycogen employed, the amount actually produced under the influence of the salivary ferment varied from thirty-four to forty-one, under that of the pancreatic ferment from forty-five to forty-eight. These results can only be explained by supposing, either that the glycogen is not converted into glucose at all, but into some other kind of sugar which reduces Fehling's solution in a totally different proportion; or that it is converted into glucose *plus* some other unknown compound. To decide between these alternative hypotheses, further investigation is required.

Analogy between the Sensory and Motor Functions.—Richet has arrived at the following conclusions from experiments made under the supervision of M. Marey (*Comptes Rendus*, December 4, 1876):—1. Sensation, when roused by electric excitations of low intensity, subsides very gradually; but a brief period of rest suffices for its restoration. In other words, it subsides slowly, and returns suddenly. 2. Weak stimuli, applied at relatively long intervals, do not give rise to any sensation; stimuli of the same degree of intensity, recurring at shorter intervals, give rise to a sensation whose intensity is proportionate to their frequency. This summation of sensory stimuli is quite comparable to the summation of motor stimuli when a rapid succession of muscular contractions culminate in tetanus, more or less complete. 3. When a series of stimuli of equal intensity succeed one another at regular intervals, the moment of perception will be earlier in proportion as their intensity is greater. 4. The phenomenon known as "education of perceptive power" may be subsumed under that of summation. If stimuli of equal intensity recur at considerable intervals, the earlier ones may not be

distinctly perceived, while the later ones are perceived both more distinctly and more speedily. 5. The persistence of an impression is proportional to the intensity of the stimulus by which it has been produced. All the above laws are strictly analogous to those which govern the effect of stimuli on muscle. Hence it is possible to formulate a proposition in more general terms, which shall be applicable both to muscular tissue and to the sensory nerve-centres—viz. "the number of stimuli required to produce a perception or a movement is inversely proportionate to their intensity and to their frequency." This proposition affords a certain small degree of insight into the nature of the process which goes on in the nervous tissue under the influence of stimulation. The tissue of the perceptive centres and that of the muscles appear both to offer a sort of resistance to excitation, to be endowed with a sort of inertia.

A new Haemo-chromometer.—M. Malassez, whose apparatus for counting the blood-corpuscles is now so well known, has devised a simple and portable instrument by which the proportion of colouring-matter in blood may be rapidly determined and registered for comparison. It consists essentially of a small plate, pierced with two circular holes in the same horizontal line. Behind one of these holes is a little reservoir of glass, with its opposed surfaces plane and parallel, into which the sample of blood, diluted to a known degree with distilled water, is introduced. Behind the other hole is a hollow glass prism, filled with glycerine-jelly, to which a blood-red tinge has been imparted by the addition of picrocarminate of ammonia. This prism is moveable in such a way that the depth of coloured jelly behind the opening may be varied at pleasure. The exact position of the prism at any moment is indicated on a graduated scale. Behind both the reservoir and the prism, and parallel to the plate, is a slab of ground glass, intended to diffuse the light before allowing it to traverse the coloured media. Full details as to the best way of working with this instrument were furnished by its contriver to the Société de Biologie (*Gaz. Médic. de Paris*, November 11, 1876). The results obtained, even by persons not accustomed to analyse slight differences of tint, were remarkably accurate; the limit of error being only $\frac{1}{2000}$, a fraction too small to be of the slightest importance in physiological and pathological researches.

CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

Enstatite.—Pettersen writes a letter to the *Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*, 1875, 575, dated from Tromsö, describing his discovery of nearly pure enstatite on the Slunkas Berg, in Nordland. Fragments, both large and small, as well as blocks, of this mineral were found on the summit of the mountain lying loose on the surface, and, although a careful examination was instituted, in no case could any portion be met with in the rocks of the area over which they were spread. The mineral had a brownish nodular surface, and appeared to be somewhat weathered; the interior was of a greyish-green colour, and had a coarsely-foliated structure, on which two crystal- or cleavage-planes were observed. The enstatite was often coated with, and occasionally penetrated by, white crystalline granular magnesite, which did not contain even a trace of lime; this magnesite was evidently the result of metamorphic action. Disseminated through the enstatite, and in some instances through the magnesite, small black granules were noticed which were strongly magnetic, and contained chromite; whether magnesite as well as chromite was present could not be determined. No serpentine rock nor one of an olivinous character, with one or other of which, as might be expected, the enstatite would be associated, could anywhere be traced. The author suggests, as an explanation of the occurrence of these remarkable masses, that they may have a cosmical origin, in

which case they would have to be included in that class of meteorites to which Daubrée has given the name "Cryptosiderites." The specific gravity of this enstatite, it should be stated, was found to be 3.22.

Tridymite.—Vom Rath has met with this mineral in considerable abundance in the andesite of Gerecse, Csik-Magos Mountain, in East Siebenbürgen (*Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*, 1875, 869). The rock has a grey colour, and resembles phonolite; the few embedded crystals are plagioclase; numberless small points of magnetite are to be observed in it. That it is not phonolite is shown by the manner in which it is acted upon by acid. Along the directions which indicate its foliated structure numerous flat cavities are seen enclosing crystals of tridymite, some 1 mm. across, and exhibiting the characteristic twinned forms. Such an abundance of this form of silica has probably been met with in but few rock structures. Baltzer, it will be remembered, who studied the volcanic eruption which occurred in Vulcano in 1873 and 1874, found among the erupted matter a snow-white ash which contained 94 per cent. of silicic acid, mixed with chlorides and sulphates of the alkalies and alkaline earths, &c. The silica of this ash is to a great extent in the form of tridymite. It is supposed that it was originally in an amorphous modification, and by the action of high temperature and acid vapours was transformed into tridymite.

Potassium Triiodide.—A paper on the formation of this new iodide was recently read before the Chemical Society by G. S. Johnson. He finds that if a saturated solution of iodine in water saturated with potassium iodide be allowed slowly to evaporate over strong sulphuric acid, cubes of potassium iodide coloured by iodine first separate, and after the lapse of some days dark blue, almost black, lustrous prisms of triiodide are formed. The new body is extremely deliquescent, and must be preserved in perfectly dry air; it fuses at 45° C., and when heated it readily evolves iodine, the moniodide remaining. When thrown into water it easily decomposes, a part of the iodine is precipitated, the remainder dissolving in the moniodide. The specific gravity of the new salt, determined in its own mother-liquor, was found to be 3.342; it crystallises in the oblique prismatic system.

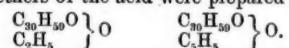
Ostruthin.—Two years ago Gorup-Besanez described, under the above name, an interesting body which he had extracted from the root of the Master-wort (*Imperatoria Ostruthium* Linn.). The substance was prepared with difficulty, as it constituted only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the root. He has since worked on 200 kilog. of material, and by modifying his method of extraction has succeeded in obtaining a yield of 0.58 per cent., and sufficient of the ostruthin for a full investigation of its properties. Ostruthin contains no nitrogen, and possesses the empirical formula $C_{14}H_{17}O_2$; it is insoluble in cold water, almost insoluble in hot water, and easily soluble in alcohol and ether. The crystals belong to the triclinic system, and are optically biaxial. The alcoholic solution of ostruthin is somewhat fluorescent; when the liquid is diluted with water it exhibits a blue fluorescence which rivals that of aesculin in beauty; when dissolved in aqueous ammonia ostruthin shows a yellow fluorescence. With hydrochloric and hydrobromic acid it forms well-defined crystalline neutral compounds, containing one equivalent of the organic body and one of the acid. When treated with acetic acid it forms monoacetostruthin; ostruthin, therefore, contains only one hydroxyl group, the second atom of oxygen which it contains playing a different and as yet unknown rôle. While ostruthin resembles terpin in its deportment with the above mineral acids, the resemblance cannot be traced in the action of nitric acid: when the latter is concentrated the new body is converted into oxalic acid; when weak, into stypnic (oxypicric) acid. By

treatment with chlorine no well-defined result was arrived at; bromine, on the other hand, formed a tetrabromostruthin, as well as, probably, a tribromo-compound (*Annalen der Chemie*, 1876, clxxxiii. 321).

Melissin and its Derivatives.—Von Pieverling, of Erlangen, has recently published the results of his investigation of this alcohol and some of its derivatives. He obtained his material from Canauba Wax (*Copernicia cerifera* Mart.), and employed the two methods used by Story-Maskelyne, with this modification, that, instead of proceeding directly to saponify the crude wax, he first purified it by treating it with strong alcohol at 20° to 25° as long as that liquid dissolved a coloured body, which had an odour like coumarin and the properties of a balsam. His experiments do not confirm the observation made by Story-Maskelyne, that melissin exists in the free state in Canauba wax, and is directly obtainable from the wax by treating it with spirit. A number of experiments made in this direction showed that a substance is dissolved which in its outward appearance undoubtedly resembles melissin; the fusing point of this body, however, never rises above 80° (melissin obtained by the two methods melted at 85°), and repeated analysis seemed to indicate a composition which does not accord with any known alcohol, while the percentage of oxygen is found to be so high that the alcoholic nature of the substance obtained by this process is very doubtful. Three analyses of the pure melissin gave numbers closely agreeing with those corresponding with the formula $C_{30}H_{62}O$, that assigned to it by Brodie. Melissyl iodide was found, after repeated analysis, to possess the formula $C_{30}H_{61}I$, and the author states, but can scarcely be said to prove, that his numbers do not indicate the formula $C_{31}H_{63}I$ which Story-Maskelyne's analyses yielded. Melissylchloride when analysed gave numbers which showed beyond any doubt that the reaction with phosphorous pentachloride is as follows:—



The hydrosulphide, it was clearly established, possesses the composition $C_{30}H_{61}HS$, and corresponds with mercaptan. The above iodide when saturated with ammonia gave a product which appeared to be a mixture of three amines. Melissic acid was prepared and, when analysed, gave numbers indicating the formula $C_{30}H_{60}O_2$ and this result was confirmed by subsequent analysis of the lead and silver salts. The following ethers of the acid were prepared:—



A small quantity of cetyllic alcohol appears to be present in the Brazilian wax (*Annalen der Chemie*, 1876, clxxxiii. 344).

Pyrosmalite.—A complete analysis of this remarkable mineral has now, for the first time, been made by Ludwig, who has employed for that purpose some of the specimens of the recent find in one of the iron mines of Nordmark in Wermaland, Sweden (*Ann. der Chem.*, clxxxiii. 359). He finds as the result of a number of confirmatory analyses that the whole of the iron is in the state of protoxide, and that the empirical formula of the mineral is $Si_8Fe_5Mn_5H_{14}O_{32}Cl_2$. In respect to the constitution of the pyrosmalite, it may be regarded as consisting of eight molecules of normal silicic hydrate H_4SiO_4 ; of the thirty-two atoms of hydrogen in this group fourteen are actually present, and in place of the remaining eighteen we have ten atoms of iron (and manganese) in the form of protoxide, but of these twenty "units of neutralisation" two are "saturated" with chlorine and the remaining eighteen replace the eighteen hydrogen atoms, just referred to. The new specimens of the mineral are in the form of fine large hexagonal prisms, lustrous on the surface, and presenting no signs of weathering.

Polydymite.—Laspeyres has analysed (*Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*, 1876, 737) some specimens of

nickel ore occurring in fine polysynthetic twins of tesserel octahedra which, on comparison with other specimens in the Aix-la-Chapelle and Giessen Collections, appear to have come from the Grünau mine in Sayn-Altenkirchen, whence Von Kobell obtained forty years since the nickel-bismuth glance which has received the names grünauite and saynite. Laspeyres' examination showed the mineral to consist of four atoms of nickel (with a little iron and a trace of cobalt) and five atoms of sulphur. The ratio R_4S_5 has hitherto only been met with in the sulphides of arsenic and antimony. It occurred to Laspeyres that Von Kobell's mineral might not be a chemical compound, but a mixture of bismuth glance with the new sulphide of nickel which he has discovered, and on examining a specimen collected by Von Kobell at Grünau at the earlier date he found this view to be correct. Laspeyres proposes to cancel the old names grünauite, saynite and nickel-bismuth glance, and to give the name "polydymite" to this curious nickel sulphide.

The Use of Aniline Colours as Pigments.—A short note appears in the *Proceedings* of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester on a communication made to the society on the 12th ult. by Mr. Sidebotham, respecting the increasing demand for aniline colours by artists. He states that these colours are being *extensively* used for paintings and water-colour drawings, and that there is a regular sale of them for that purpose. Anyone who is aware of the alternative effect which is caused by the exposure of these colours to light—and scarcely one of these series of compounds is proof against its action—will deplore their use, and a statement to this effect need only be made general to lead to a discontinuance of the practice, at least by all artists who wish their work to last more than a year. These substances are also used for tinting photographs; here, however, colours are so very rarely employed with good effect that little, if any, harm can come of their use.

Cyanochol.—Butlerow gave this name to a crystalline body which he obtained from the sap of *Cyanchum acutum*. According to Hesse's research (*Ann. der Chem.*, clxxxii. 163) it is not improbable that this substance is a mixture of echicerin and echitin.

In the current number of a new and excellent scientific journal, *The Mineralogical Magazine*, no. 2, 1876, p. 59, Major Ross records the results of a blowpipe analysis of the new mineral, *Henwoodite*, a hydrated phosphate of alumina and copper, which had previously been analysed in the wet way by Mr. Collins, the General Secretary of the Mineralogical Society. Major Ross determines the presence of "alumina or phosphoric acid" in this mineral by heating a portion of it in the blowpipe-flame with sodium carbonate on an aluminium plate, crushing the regulus, and then boiling it with water acidulated with boracic acid, when a "brown flocculent" precipitate is formed! That either of these substances can produce a coloured precipitate with any of the re-agents which he employed for its detection is astonishing. Major Ross proceeds to consider a scheme of blowpipe analysis which he calls a "pyrogical method"; and we are reminded that on an earlier occasion, in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, he spoke of oxides which can be volatilised as "volatisable oxides." The question suggests itself whether such words as "pyrogical" and "volatisable" are terms which can be introduced with advantage into our language.

PHILOLOGY.

THE last two numbers of the *Zeitschrift für die Österreichischen Gymnasien* contain some excellent and important articles. In the October number Paul Natorp discusses the sources of the Greek history from 404-394 B.C., dividing them mainly between Ephorus and Theopompus. De la Roche continues his "Grammatical Untersuchungen"

(Greek), treating the following points:—1. Greek verbs in -*vō* and -*vū*; 2. the aorists optative middle of *τιθημι* and *ἴημι*; 3. the forms of the preterit of *κάθημαι*; 4. *ἄν* with *ἔδει* and *ἔξῆν* (an important section); 5. the predicate in genitive and dative; 6. the imperative forms of the Greek perfect. Paucher continues his "Materialien zur Geschichte der lateinischen Wortbildung," taking as his subject the diminutives in -*ulus*. Tomaschek has an interesting article on the history of the Macedonian city Siris. Some of the reviews in this number are important, notably so Hartel on Rzach's *Dialect of Hesiod*, and Flack's *Digamma in Hesiod*; Rzach on Dindorf's *Scholia Graeca in Homer Iliadem*; and J. Jung on vol. ii. fasc. iv., of the Latin *Ephemeris Epigraphica*. At the end of the volume J. Parthe has some sensible remarks on school teaching. The following number contains contributions to the criticism of the Horatian scholiast Porphyrius, by M. Petschenig; among the reviews we may notice Hartel on Brugman's essay on the use of the reflexive pronoun in Homer (*Ein Problem der Homerischen Text-kritik und der vergleichenden Sprachwissenschaft*), Gitlbauer on the second edition of the ninth volume of Weissenborn's Livy, and Kummer on Lehmann's *Forschungen über Lessings Sprache*.

The last number of the *Rheinisches Museum* (vol. xxxi., part 4) contains two posthumous papers by Ritschl, both valuable in their way: the first is a sensible essay (in form of a letter to Perthes) on the modern German pronunciation of Latin; the second ("Philologische Unverständlichkeiten") a somewhat querulous but very justifiable protest against some recent criticism of Plautus, and especially against Madvig's estimate of that poet. Among the other articles we may mention as specially ingenious and deserving of attention Hense on the relation between the γραμματική τραγοφία of Kallias and the *Medea* of Euripides. There is also a good paper by Morsbach on the work of Gregory of Corinth on the Dorian dialect. Urlichs contributes critical notes on Tacitus and the elder Pliny, Albert Schmidt on the *Electra*, O. Ribbeck on the *Supplices* of Euripides, and E. Baehrens on the Latin Anthology. In the miscellanies at the end of the volume E. Rohde publishes for the first time (from the Codex Laurentianus lvii., 30, in the Medicenean Library) an amusing Greek novelette.

The best philological essays in the last number of the *Hermathena* are Bishop Graves' article (the first instalment of a series) on the Ogham Alphabet, and Mr. Mahaffy's on Hesiod. The latter is the first of a series of "Studies in Greek Literature." The paper of the Bishop of Limerick aims at establishing the following conclusions:—That the Ogham alphabet (1) is a cipher; (2) was contrived by persons who possessed a knowledge of one or more foreign alphabets; (3) is most closely related to the Latin alphabet, and a comparatively recent and fully developed Runic Futhore; (4) is connected as closely as possible with the Tree-Runes, and probably derived from them (5) is essentially cryptic; (6) is not stenographic; (7) is not related to the arrow-headed writings. Prof. Maguire contributes a valuable paper on the prosody of βλ and γλ in Old Comedy and Tragedy. Mr. Paley ("Greek and Latin Etymology in England") attempts to defend his inconceivable method of etymologising, and Dr. Ingram replies to him in a second paper bearing the same title. The latter paper is valuable as drawing attention to the reproach brought upon English scholarship by the publication of such etymological notes as abound in Paley's and Hayman's works on Homer. Dr. Webb has an interesting article on "The True Aristotle," in which he endeavours to fix the meaning of the μέσον as applied in ethics. Notes on Horace and Lucilius are contributed by Mr. Tyrrell, on Cicero's *Claudius* by Mr. Davies, on Tacitus (*Annals*), by Mr. Brady, and on Propertius by Mr. Arthur Palmer.

In the *Philologus* (vol. xxxv., part 4) Schanz continues his investigations into the mutual rela-

tions of the MSS. of Plato, taking on this occasion the MSS. of the six first tetralogies, and dividing them into two families, the older of which is represented by the *Clarkianus* and secondarily by the *Tubingenensis* and *Venetus II*, the younger by the *Venetus t.* F. Schneider contributes an elaborate essay on Zeno of Elea. Rauchenstein has some valuable notes on the third book of Thucydides, and Grefe a useful grammatical discussion (in continuation) on the use of *cum* with the relative pronoun. In the following number H. L. Ahrens comments on Mr. Isaac Hall's edition of the Cyprian inscriptions now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York, noticing at the same time some other Cyprian inscriptions, copies of which were sent to him by Deecke. Göbel ("Homerische Etymologien") connects ἄρη and several of its cognates with the root *av* = to blow, thus interpreting ἄρη as meaning originally "mist" or "darkness," and then "blindness" or "infatuation." Hermann Genz contributes a comprehensive essay on the *comitia tributa*. Rauchenstein has some notes on Pindar, and Detessen on Pliny's account of the geography of Lusitania. In the miscellanies at the end of these volumes there is some fine criticism by R. Förster, in vol. xxxv., on Helladius and Libanius; in vol. xxxvi., on the φυτιογραφία attributed to Joannes Mauropus. A communication (in vol. xxxvi.) by Wecklein of his father-in-law Zeising's notes on the *Timaeus* of Plato also deserves notice. The "Jahresberichte," in vol. xxxvi., give an account (to be continued and concluded) of the critical literature on Dionysius of Halicarnassus since the Leipzig edition of 1774-77.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—(Thursday, December 21.)

PROF. ALLMAN, President, in the Chair. Two botanical papers were communicated: one on the "Morphology of Species of *Thunbergia*," by Mr. Marcus Hartog, in which the development of certain parts has been followed out. From sections he observes that in *T. laurifolia* in its earlier stages axillary buds arise inside the sixth and eighth pair of bracts, the basal elevations becoming pedicel and bractlets, while inside these sister buds spring by repetition. The flowers are thus axillary buds formed in succession from the axis outwards, and are as independent as if they had arisen side by side. The second paper, by Mr. J. R. Jackson, referred to a Cane of Commerce known as "Whangee," and presumably a species of *Phyllostachys* (*P. nigra*). It is the rhizome and not the stem of the plant; the pale colour he attributes to bleaching, and straightness to a process of bending.—The zoological topics were more numerous. A long memoir on the small ear-bones (auditory ossicles) of the mammalia was given in summary by the author, Mr. Alban Doran. Tracing these bones in their comparative shapes, &c., from the higher to the lower forms, he finds in them characters sufficient to distinguish many groups; thus even, so to say, by a fragment of the skeleton a distinct notion of the affinities of the animal to which it belonged may be acquired. It is curious to note that in Marsupials the parts in question of the organs of hearing begin to assume the bird and reptile type.—A new hornbill, *Craniorhinus Waldeni*, from the island of Panay (Philippines), was described by Mr. R. B. Sharpe. The habits of two other hornbills (*Hydrocissa albirostris*, and *Aceros subruficollis*) were commented on in the extract of a letter from Dr. J. Anderson. He has observed them in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens to seize sparrows and other small birds, toss them about in their bill, break all their bones, and then bolt them head foremost; and this unusual habit he considers is natural to these hornbills in their wild state.—Dr. Buchanan White's paper on the "Genital Armature in the European Rhopalocera" tends to prove that in this group of butterflies, at least, the said organs are so varied as to afford characters whereby to classify. Even both genera and species bear marked distinctions.—Another of the *Challenger* contributions, by Mr. H. N. Moseley, is descriptive of the external form and structural peculiarities of two remarkable deep-sea Ascidiants. One of these, *Hybithius calycopterus*, is cup-shaped, allied to *Boltenia*. Symmetrical calcareous

plates on the test characterise it. The specimen was trawled in the North Pacific from 2,900 fathoms. *Octacnemus hythius*, obtained at 1,070 fathoms, is still more curious; and in its shape (stellar) and anatomical peculiarities totally dissimilar to any known living form.—Mr. E. J. Miers called attention to a new Australian Crustacean *Actaeomorpha erosa*, belonging to the family Leucosidae.—The butterflies of Malacca formed the subject of a memoir by Mr. A. G. Butler. Besides new species described he tabulates much information concerning the geographical inferences, and regards the Malaccan Lepidoptera as affording grounds for the belief that the fauna is that of the Indian Region.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Tuesday, January 2.)

PROF. NEWTON, F.R.S., V.P., in the Chair. The Secretary read a Report on the additions that had been made to the Society's Menagerie during the month of December.—Prof. Newton exhibited and made remarks on a specimen of a variety of the Guillemot (*Alea troile*) with yellow bill and legs, which had been lately shot by Mr. J. M. Pike on the South Coast of England.—Prof. Garrod, F.R.S., read a paper on the osteology and visceral anatomy of the Ruminantia, in which many facts concerning the anatomy of the Cervidae and the Cervicornia were brought forward, especially with reference to the shape of the liver and the structure of the generative organs in these animals. Among the most important of these was the observation that the uterine mucous membrane of the Musk Deer (*Moschus moschiferus*) presents no indications of the presence of cotyledons, the contrary being the case in all other ruminants.—A paper by Messrs. Sclater and Salvin was read containing the descriptions of eight new species of South American birds—namely, (1) *Euphonia Finschi*; (2) *Phaeoptilus crissalis*; (3) *Octhaea leucometopa*; (4) *Octhaea arenacea*; (5) *Chloronurus dignus*; (6) *Celeus subflavus*; (7) *Chamoepelia Buckleyi*; (8) *Crax erythrognatha*.—Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe read a paper on some new species of warblers from Madagascar, which had been recently added to the collection in the British Museum, and were proposed to be called *Apalis cerviniventris*, *Bococercus flaviventris*, and *Dromaeocercus brunneus*, the last-named being a new genus, from Madagascar.—A communication was read from Mr. G. S. Brady, containing notes on freshwater mites which had been obtained from lakes and ponds in England and Ireland.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 8.)

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., President, in the Chair. The paper, read by Mr. Robert Michell, was an account of the work of the recent Russian expedition to the Pamir steppe, compiled chiefly from the communications of Captain Kostenko. The expedition was undertaken mainly in order to bring into subjection the nomad Khirgiz, who have hitherto deemed themselves inaccessible in their summer retreats on the Alai steppe. The chief points of interest brought to light by the expedition lay in the survey of the Kara-Kut lake, which proved, contrary to expectation, to have no outlet, and in the confirmation of the existence of a lofty meridional range, bounding the Pamir on the east. This last Captain Kostenko proposes to call Constantine Range, after the President of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. In the discussion which followed, Colonel Yule combated the proposal to re-name this mountain-range, and maintained that it might with greater justice be called "Roderic" or "Henry" range, as its existence had been proved by Mr. Haywood and other British officers. Colonel Yule then traced the route across the Pamir of the Macedonian merchant mentioned by Ptolemy, who travelled to China in quest of silk. Sir Henry Rawlinson was inclined to think that the more frequented route between China and the West lay up the valley of the Surkhab, while Sir Douglas Forsyth believed that the easier and more likely route lay across the northern portion of the Pamir, between Samarcand and Kashgar. Sir Douglas bore witness to the remarkable height of the peaks of the range seen westward of Kashgar, abutting on the Pamir steppe.—After some remarks from General Strachey, and Sir George Campbell, M.P., the meeting broke up.

FINE ART.

LESSING'S LAOKOON.

Lessing's Laokoon. Von Hugo Blümner. (Berlin: Weidmann, 1876.)*Die Kunstrethe des Aristoteles.* Von Dr. A. Döring. (Jena: Duft, 1876.)*Lessing's Aristotelische Studien.* Von Dr. Emil Gotschlich. (Berlin: Vahlen, 1876.)

It is to be premised that the second and third books in the above list are not cited with the pretence of their being hereinafter reviewed in the usual sense. They are cited because in certain parts they supply useful reading side by side with the present edition of Lessing's *Laokoon*, the editor of which could not, we suppose, have availed himself of them, since they must have been in the press almost simultaneously with his own work.

There is something radically wrong in the arrangement of the new edition of the *Laokoon*. First, we have a chapter of original text, then a chapter of editorial notes, in the course of which it is often necessary to repeat the exact words of the original, or, when this is not done, the reader has still the irksome task of turning back to what he has just read, in some bewilderment as to the points which are to be raised in discussion. In this way the original text alternates with notes throughout the book, and the editor is driven at times to deal piecemeal with a part of a subject which required consecutive treatment to be agreeable. This much-desired result could have been attained by an introductory essay embodying the whole of the critical notes. The notes of fact could have stood at the foot of the pages. Except under strong provocation we would not have spoken so of a book abounding in interest, no small part of which has been contributed by the industry of the present editor in collecting and ordering the very large mass of combative criticism on Lessing's statements and theories. As regards his statements a considerable amount of correction has been necessary. Nor is this to be wondered at, so far at least as concerns archaeology, when we remember the condition of that science in his day. He contributed much to its advancement, as has been amply acknowledged. Yet somehow what he contributed was not of positive value so much as in the direction of clearing the ground from the mass of obstacles which had hitherto stopped all real progress. When this had been done, the next thing was to supply a new watchword for the new impetus, and here, also, in conjunction with Winckelmann he rendered great service. The watchword was "beauty of form." Winckelmann had seen from ancient monuments that to secure this had been the grand object of Greek sculptors and painters. Lessing set himself the task of showing that the permanent principles of sculpture and painting are compatible with no other high aim. This involved an elaborate definition of the principles of formative art, and he chose to give this side by side with a definition of the principles of poetry, not so much for the sake of the contrast itself as because it was from not understanding this contrast that so much blundering had been, and was

then being, committed, not only by those who occupied the position of critics, or judges of art, but also by artists themselves. Caylus was busy getting up pictures to illustrate scenes from Homer. The folly of the age was that it considered it possible to reproduce in painting or sculpture every striking scene that occurred in the poets. The antithesis of Simonides, that painting is silent poetry and poetry eloquent painting, was generally accepted. Poets, with Thomson as their leader, had done their best to imitate pictorial effects. Addison and Spence had seen no virtue in ancient works of art except so far as they illustrated passages in the poets; and to Lessing it seemed that the world had gone awry on this vital subject. Had the case been so clear as he makes it out to be, the error would probably have been discovered before. On the other hand it might not have been admitted even then but for the vigour and apparently absolute precision with which it was stated. As it is, a remarkable difference in the estimate both of poetry and painting or sculpture dates from his time, though obviously not by any means all due to him. Yet his teaching, successful as it was in the main, has been far from implicitly followed or sufficiently known, and in consequence of that we are familiar enough with illustrations of Homer and the poets since then which, though they deserve admiration for dexterity and power over details, are still sadly confessed to fail in showing any true claim to existence.

Chapters vii.-xiv. are occupied with what we have called clearing the ground, and naturally they do not read now with the interest which attached to them in their own proper day. "Allegoristerei," as an epidemic, is passed, but, even if it were quite certain never to return, these chapters which deal with it and with the foibles of Spence, Addison, and Caylus yet deserve to be retained for their value as a method of meeting the evil, if not also for the occasional discussion of side issues, such as that in Chapter xii., with regard to the size of Homer's gods, whether they were of colossal form or not. But if in some doubt whether this part of the book is worth retaining, there is another part about which we cannot hesitate in saying that its day is gone by. We mean the chapters on the marble group of *Laokoon*, the uselessness of which is openly shown by the editor's notes and collection of adverse judgments. Of course Lessing's *Laokoon* is a German "classic," and like other classics must be annotated till the text, if need be, is proved to be nonsense. But readers of a different nationality may be pardoned if in these cases they cherish a desire for an abridged edition.

The parts of this edition where the editor's services will be best appreciated are those in which Lessing endeavours to show that the only legitimate aim of art is to render the beauty of the human form, in contrast to the aim of poetry, which, with Homer as its model, must avoid all temptation to describe beautiful forms, and must keep to progressive action. Winckelmann would have accepted "beauty" alone as the grand purpose of art, and, apparently, Lessing also would at one time have agreed to this. But

in the end he took his stand on the "beauty of form." Artistic beauty is attained by idealisation, and since idealisation is but faintly possible in regard to animals and not at all possible in regard to inanimate nature, there remains only the human form in which the artist may seek out his ideal of beauty (p. 31). It is interesting to read his expressions of contempt for landscape and portraiture. But the real difficulty of the situation was to define beauty. Though apparently at different times confessing himself in favour of different definitions, in the *Laokoon* (p. 228) Lessing accepts that of Aristotle (*Poet.* vii., 8)—viz., that beauty arises from the various effects produced by all the different parts of a body uniting together at once into one effect; or, as Lessing gives it, "the harmonious effect of many parts all visible together."

The notes to chapter ix., which deals with the influence of religion in restricting artists to certain antiquated, but sacred, types in the figures of deities, seem to be out of proportion to the merits of the subject as it affects Lessing's argument, if not also as it stands among questions of archaeology. Again, we think, more than enough, considering how little comes of it, is said about Pheidias' conception of the head of Zeus, whether the well-known Otricoli bust ought to be taken as corresponding with it, or whether the true type is yet to be found, and whether it is not a mere idle tale which makes Pheidias quote three lines from the *Iliad* (i. 528) as having furnished him with the conception of the face of Zeus.

In the third book in the above list there is not much space given to showing Lessing's indebtedness to Aristotle in the matter of art as the word is commonly understood, the object of the writer being rather to deal with his indebtedness in the matter of poetic and dramatic criticism. The second of these books, however, examines with great clearness, and apparently with completeness, Aristotle's definition of art, its aim and means of operation, taking special pains to explode the notion that Aristotle had defined the principle of art as imitation of nature pure and simple, whereas what he did say was that art must imitate nature in the pleasurable effects which she produces.

A. S. MURRAY.

A Brief History of the Painters of all Schools. By Louis Viardot and other Writers. (Sampson Low.) This is undoubtedly the most comprehensive history of painting that has as yet appeared in England. It includes a good many artists whose names are generally only to be met with in dictionaries, and although, even in this ample volume, there is not much space for detailed information concerning them, enough is usually said to give the student some idea of the position they occupied in the school to which they belonged. The plan of the book, as its title implies, is the classifying of all artists into schools and sub-schools. Thus in early Italian art we have the Romanesque school, the early Tuscan school, the early Sienese and the early Florentine schools, and the schools of Bologna, Padua, Ferrara, Verona, Milan, and Cremona in Northern Italy, followed by Leonardo da Vinci and his school, and the Florentine and Sienese schools of the sixteenth century. Spanish art also is divided into the schools of Valencia, Andalusia, and Castile. This exact mode of classification no doubt simplifies the

fies to a certain extent the first view of the subject to the student, but it must always be remembered that such divisions are very often arbitrary. For, in spite of the important influence of the *milieu*, as Taine calls it, in which the artist is set, in determining the character of the work which he produces, his individual genius at times asserts itself so strongly as to carry him far beyond the bounds of any such limitation. This was the case with most of the great masters of the Renaissance. They formed schools, but cannot be said to have belonged distinctively to any. Raphael's art, for instance, was an outgrowth of the teaching of both the Umbrian and Florentine schools, but yet it was to the artist and not to these schools that we owe so many lovely Madonnas. Michel Angelo's style also was entirely individual, although he only accomplished what Florentine artists from the time of Masaccio had been endeavouring to attain. Bearing this in mind and allowing a somewhat broad border-land between many of the separated schools to which each has equal right, this mapping-out of the Land of Art into distinct little communities may be useful by teaching the student what kind of ore to expect in different divisions; but he will often be astonished, we imagine, by the unexpected cropping-up of gold in districts where he least thinks to find it, and its disappearance in others where the *milieu* appears favourable for its production. Most of the "Introductions" to the various schools, and the criticisms of pictures in this book, are by the well-known French critic, Louis Viardot, whose name alone stands on the title-page; but by far the larger and more valuable portion of the work has been compiled from other and more trustworthy sources by a careful English editor, who has, besides, taken pains in many instances to correct and qualify the French writer's reckless statements. All the painters' names are printed distinctly in larger type than the rest, and a full index is given of them, which does much to establish the claims of this history to be regarded as a work of reference. Indeed, it is chiefly for this purpose that it is likely to be appreciated.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

(Second Notice.—English School.)

THE absence of any piece by Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Romney, very quickly attractive to "the general," may tell a little against the popularity of the Exhibition; but there is not one of these painters who does not contribute sufficient material for interesting study. Those great qualities of design, of flowing movement, of exquisite and gracious action, which were shown by Romney in his dancing group of the children of the Duke of Sutherland, must needs indeed be unsuspected in the present year; and the chords of colour struck by Romney here and again in his single portraits, now alone at Burlington House, are for the most part thinner, are less full, than those which Sir Joshua knows how to handle. Yet for warm tones, harmonious and rich, it is not very easy to surpass the portrait of the *Mohawk Chief* (No. 6)—a large canvas, in which from the dimly lighted spaces of background a low-toned face peers earnestly and observantly: the colours of red head-dress and of warm cheeks echoed faintly in the reddened lines of the raiment. See, too, his *Madame de Genlis* (No. 83) for harmonies not less pleasant: the refined and intelligent head of a clever woman, then young, is coiffed with her ample chestnut hair, which stands over a face sunny-coloured, with full brown eyes. From these we turn to the lighter grace that came so quickly on to Romney's canvas, and came quickest of all when the model was Lady Hamilton—Emma Hart, of course, in her early days, when Romney's chance was the best—Emma Hart, whom he painted as a Bacchante, painted at the spinning-wheel, painted as Cassandra, painted as Joan of Arc, painted, well it was almost *in propria persona*, as the reader of the Gazette. Three times the painter's best model is in

this exhibition: as Joan of Arc least happy; as Cassandra, with vivid gesture, pleasantly conceived; but sweetest certainly, and most of all the very woman and charmer of his day, as the simple reader of the newspaper (in No. 215)—only a sketch indeed at the last, and so not to be blamed for that absence of subtlety in modelling for which some more finished work of his may fairly be condemned; a sketch only, but putting instantly before us the familiar face in attitude of arrested attention, with upper lip drawn up in surprise and interest; ready to tremble with momentous news.

To a state of society which encouraged the most fashionable artist of his time to paint the demiprep and to paint her again, we owe Sir Joshua's *Nelly O'Brien*: very sweet here, meditative, almost pitying, as she sits in fair profile, head on hand, in attitude of abandonment to reflection. It is a work of his middle period, faded, of course, like too many of its fellows: faded, not ruined. We see Sir Joshua as the colourist of deep harmonies, in his own small portrait, lent by Mrs. Drummond: Sir Joshua in plum or Burgundy-coloured coat, with the left hand held to the ear, and all the face listening. We see him again more adequately as the painter of varied character, in the portrait of the stout surgeon, *Percival Pott* (No. 221): a portrait never made for popularity, but noticeable for many things: chief, perhaps, among them, the small beginning of a smile—the half-imperceptible relaxation in the work-a-day face.

Perhaps there are too many Gainsboroughs of the second and third order: full-length presentations of persons illustrious by birth alone. But one or two of the larger ones must be singled out as distinct from these: *Fischer*, for instance, and *Paul Cobb Methuen* (No. 224), a *tour de force* of the "Blue Boy" kind, but one accomplished this time only at the cost of making us quite forget and ignore the face to be painted, in presence of so bright and fine a coat and of lace so flowing and rich. Contentedly we pass to *David Middleton* (225): a far more studied head, this head of the old surgeon: a greater thing for complex character than anything Sir Joshua has here to show: an old man not to be forgotten; keen, clear, and kindly; with smallish eyes and little, thin, perked lips; eyes and lips nevertheless of expression so lively that they assert themselves unmistakeably above the rolls and creases of fat gathering in cheek and chin. Finer still is No. 2, and of interest very special because it is reputed to be the last picture ever painted by the master. Gainsborough died almost suddenly, when hardly an old man: therefore, for sign of decay in his work no one will think of looking: none the less is it a pleasant thing to find, if this is really his last, that it is also one of his most worthy: that he painted that tired, worn, true face of a woman who had seen life and been bettered and saddened by her knowledge of it, broadly, decisively, simply indeed, but painted it, most plainly, with appreciation of its character and its significance, of its union of restful refinement with keen intelligence, of the rarer geniality, dignified through the depth of nature and the fulness of experience. A typical face of the cultivated class approaching age—a face that has lived too much in the world to have any one expression dominant, and least of all that of simplicity alone, but yet a face not without treasure of gentleness in intimate life.

If here, in force and true refinement of characterisation, Gainsborough rises almost to Rembrandt's level, Raeburn, the Scotchman, rises for once nearly to Gainsborough's, with his *Mr. Wardrop of Torbane Hill* (No. 9). The lighting of the picture, too—the diffused light over forehead and hair—is not unlike our *Parish Clerk* in the National Gallery, and in each the expression is benign; but Gainsborough's old man's face is perceptive without self-knowledge; Raeburn's Scotch face, shrewd quite consciously, though

with the naïve Scotch pleasure in one's own shrewdness. Of Raeburn's several contributions, this is the most striking and accomplished. His individuality when it becomes stronger does not become more agreeable: certainly not in the portrait of his wife *Lady Raeburn*, and hardly in the portrait of *John Clerk, Lord Eldin* (15), though this, indeed, it would be hard to surpass for simple and direct rendering of life and character in a moment of listening, of waiting. One could insist on many merits here and there in the whole group of Raeburn portraits; only space is lacking; and I do not know that it is needed, for only personal inspection of the many types that he treated vigorously could show his strength. They are all Scotch types, and he is the direct and simple painter, not of this or that *chef d'œuvre*, but of a whole mass of work which lacks nothing but the supreme grace and the supreme power. The show of his works is here in England immensely to the advantage of his fame; but remembering that he is here once for all, fully equipped for his campaign and victory, while our own great Eighteenth Century men are here but in straggling array, we have to see that we yield him, in a moment of surprise, no more than the place which is his due. Perhaps there has already been some tendency to yield him more, suddenly.

And now of English landscape. An Eighteenth Century man—friend and companion of Hogarth, and with the influence of Hogarth plain in some of his larger figures—gains here a notice which his work in the National Gallery has never thus far got him. Of Samuel Scott, we have *Custom House Wharf*, *Old London Bridge*, and *Westminster Bridge*, painted at various dates during the middle years of the century, before his retirement to Bath, where, in 1772, he died. He has been styled one of the fathers of English water-colour painting, and it is probable that some familiarity with the water-colours of Dutch artists, whose other works he must surely have studied much, did lead him to attempt water-colour drawing at a time when Paul Sandby was a youth, and Alexander Cozens but a man of middle age. But his great works are in oil—river views, all of them, or wharf and town views, as far as I know—and they have just that rare quality which in a measure was Hogarth's also in interiors, a union of careful accuracy with picturesque effect. Only in Hogarth's work another great element came in—the curious and piquant study of all types of character. Samuel Scott was little concerned with that; though, as *Custom House Wharf* shows, he was concerned with it in some small way. His great point, presumably, was to unite the accuracy of Canaletto, say, with the picturesque effect of Guardi: some of his river-sides, with sunlight glow on red-brick houses, fall short only of Vander Heyden. This union of accuracy with picturiness is not got in his drawings at all, if the one or two examples at the British Museum Print Room may serve—and no doubt they may—as types. They are purely topographical. Of his two more finely-finished pictures here, the *Old London Bridge* and *Westminster Bridge*, it is interesting to note that the subjects were more than once repeated by him. The National Gallery has these same themes: again, in a collection of four of his works at Castle Howard, I am told that the same two subjects figure; and one of them, the *Westminster*, is found again in private possession in London. Thus the *Westminster* was four times repeated, for one knows of no reason to assume that in either case the picture attributed to Scott is merely a copy: the artist himself was never of such immense fame as to make it likely that a copyist so clever as this must have been was at any time engaged with his work. Reason, on the other hand, for the repeated choice of Westminster by the artist himself is to be found in the fact that at the middle of the eighteenth century the bridge was built, and was attracting notice. Begun in 1739, and finished in 1750, it was a wonder of Scott's day. The National Gallery's

example of it claims to have been painted in 1745. The example now at the Old Masters' belongs to 1747. The date of the Castle Howard picture I do not at present know; but that which is in private possession here in London is dated 1760. A print of the subject by Canot also exists, and it assigns the picture (whichever picture it may mean) to the last-mentioned year. The relative merits of the different works might some day repay discussion.

A wide step, indeed, from this painting of the river-shores of England, with its Dutch inspirations, true, delightful, and homely, to such painting of landscape as our ancestors knew best in the middle of the eighteenth century—Wilson's painting of the Roman Campagna, of Tivoli, of Lake Avernus! He was not too fortunate in his lifetime—the honest but misguided seeker after natural beauty in lands beyond his own—afterwards he came into fashion, had his turn of favour, and now, though the admirers of his work are narrowed to a few, they can show good cause for the belief they have in him. And, indeed, as three at least out of his four works now at Burlington House prove, his merits are far too genuine and substantial for his name to be wholly eclipsed. Some happiness of composition, some dexterity in rendering the calmness of atmospheric effects as they appear where he most looked for them, no little skill in so distributing his light and shadows as to give various interest to scenes of visible monotony—his possession of at least these qualities is so rightly taken for granted that we need not pause here long. No. 197, *Castel Gandolfo*, a small canvas, showing us a favourite residence of the Popes, under a cool effect of low sunlight, and No. 40, *Tivoli*, a small canvas too, with a broader effect of shadowed hill and lighted bit of rough country, with hewer of wood in the foreground, yield not at all in pleasantness and unity of impression, but, I suppose, in general importance, to No. 16, *Cicero's Villa*, in which the painter has dealt more fully with subtleties of light and shadow and distance; light playing variously over the rounded surfaces of ruined brick-work tower; faint shadow of river-bank in stream, and deep shadow of tree in the lighter shadow of bank.

Far more fortunate for Wilson's fame are these displays of his art than are for Gainsborough's the slight things here in landscape. No one looking at 39, for instance—*A Mountain Landscape*, dashed in in his middle-time probably, with reminiscences of the hills of Bath—would suspect him to be the delicate painter of the silvery light of Great Cornard, the sure draughtsman of wood and village there; nor, save for occasional revelations of his own hand in easy balance of composition and happy grouping of natural things—the rising of trees, say, in their selected shapes, as was Gainsborough's way—should we judge him, from this, to be the painter of the *Watering Place*.

Nothing of Turner's has been seen more unequal than *The Lake of Geneva* (No. 8), the one large landscape which Farnley Hall has sent us in default of the noble *Dort*. Of all Turner's compositions it is one of the fullest and most elaborate; and from the foreground to the middle distance there is nothing, save some unusual want of dignity in the lines of the pine trees, that falls below the level of his highest practice. The true rhythm in the movement of the ill-drawn peasant figures that dance in happy group on the brown-red rock, the harmony of cool golden air and green gold trees steeped in sunny mist from the water, the greyish shadows on the still tributary stream, the curve of bridge over chasm, the light, the shade, the grouping of the intricate town—all these are Turner, and very near to his best; but how about the background of mountain, not to speak of the ruined sky? The absence of decision and variety in the drawing of mountain form—the monotonous absence of interest in the lines of ranged hills, of which Turner should have made so loving and vigorous a study—tells more against the picture even than the

want of subtlety of tone and colour in this same seemingly ruined background. The Duke of Westminster sends *Conway Castle*; from the Wynn Ellis collection. There are pleasanter objects than that hot foreground of red shore, and even than the many-faced castle and the lowering clouds over a dark sea; but the picture is of fairly equal merit, with neither the interest nor the disappointment of the *Lake of Geneva*.

Turner, except in a rare instance such as his *Liber print*, the *Pastoral by the Brookside, Wooden Bridge*, owed nothing to Gainsborough; but Constable owed much, and tacitly confessed his debt, though alas! the debt never included what is most precious in the one Gainsborough-inspired work of Turner—a high elegance in common things. But the choice of common things generally—the choice of them with no serene and added grace—was made by Constable with all the more of decisiveness because Gainsborough had preceded him; the broad and massive treatment of the English landscape was adopted by him not quite without thought of the fellow-painter who like himself had come from the Suffolk pastures. "It was these things," said Constable, enumerating his own familiar sights: "it was these things that inspired Gainsborough." And here, in No. 34, is the familiar Dedham Vale, the wind, blown trees of the upland; the square church tower that is in one piece out of every three painted by Constable; the river deploying through well-watered pasturage, to estuary or sea. It is a pleasant grouping; composition we may hardly call it, since he eschewed composition, but a group well found, with something of the beauty of line he stumbled on at times without very actively seeking it. Beyond that, it has perhaps little that gives pleasure. A broken bit of pleasant country foreground, and the stretch of long broad valley, and all natural things lovingly though withal summarily treated—leaf and tree-trunk and moist herbage—these we see; but the crudity and ugliness and patchiness of colour are unfortunately not a whit less perceptible. Vigorous as this is, it is hardly the picture one would place by the side of *The Glebe Farm* or the *Hay Wain*, *Weymouth Bay* or the *Cenotaph at Coleorton*.

We come, last in our landscapes, to the Norwich School. The small landscape, No. 14, attributed to "Old" Crome, has little enough of the signs of his hand. The trees to the right are drawn wholly without his character—his habitual precision. His talent slept when he drew them, if he drew them at all, for there is nothing here to recall the incomparable draughtsman of Mr. Steward's *Oak*, and of Mr. Holmes's *Willow*. On the other hand, the general choice of subject—an effect of full moonlight being chiefly insisted upon—recalls the practice of John Berney Crome, the great man's son: the somewhat mannered though cleverish descendant of the acknowledged master.

A pupil, in some sense, of Old Crome's, was George Vincent: a frequent associate at least and younger friend who, unlike the master, was not content to remain in the local capital, but went to London, where, after manly though broken work, he perished, it is said, obscurely. *Greenwich Hospital*, a piece of masculine and intricate design, has been seen before; it must stand, I suppose, for Vincent's finest picture, and, though revealing no strong individuality, will here be admired again, deservedly enough. A sky of clouds, light generally, but darkened in the middle to one threatening patch that betokens shower, rises above the splendid and intricate gradations of distance on the broad green river and above the many craft on either side of a narrow central path of sunlight on the water, on whose golden and shining track little boats and far-away sails are most definite.

Cotman has one picture, No. 278: a picture that, like a dozen others scattered abroad, justifies him in sharing the honours of the school with its master, Crome. Nothing more

characteristic has been shown, of one at least of the sides of Cotman's talent, than this *River Scene* of Mr. Arthur Lewis's. It is a summer evening. Brooding clouds hang or roll about the horizon: and on the flat stretching and deserted land a windmill rises above the embankment and the woodwork of jetty: its four arms bent and stretched, and bare save here and there for patches of furled sail—a windmill not merely picturesque like Stanfield's, but even stronger, I say, in the sense of construction conveyed by its draughtsmanship than the much-praised windmill of Turner, and a mill that will "go round," too, as certainly as any of Constable's. There is a massed group of boats on the most quiet water: one a great hay-barge heavily laden, another almost a junk, and the light and shadow of the whole golden-toned picture is focussed in this massed group of boat touching boat: all harmonies of orange and red and brown (as was so much Cotman's wont in his great middle-time)—harmonies ranging from the one point of well-nigh scarlet in sailor's cap, through chocolate of one sail, copper and amber of another, to at last the quiet creamy yellow of the evening waters. The scene itself—a scene of natural dreariness only redeemed by the noble grouping of Cotman's lines and the splendid glows of his colour—can hardly be elsewhere than near to Yarmouth, and I think the picture has signs of having been painted during the middle years of Cotman's stay in that town.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. F. BRUCKMANN, of 17 Southampton Street, has published a "Memorial Portrait" of Edgar Poe. It is a well-taken slight photograph, head and shoulders, of about two-thirds the size of life; and ought to find ready welcome from the numerous admirers of this extraordinary genius and poet. Either the photograph must have been executed by direct transfer from a work of art, or else the negative has been so severely stippled up as to approach the character of brush-work: whether the presumed work of art is itself an independent portrait, or a mere recasting of some other photograph taken from life, we are not prepared to affirm. It clearly represents the poet in the later period of his brief life, and does not give a very agreeable idea of his face, which is said to have been particularly handsome in youth: here he looks somewhat jaded, shifty, and supercilious. Of the various portraits of Poe that we recollect, the one that resembles this the most nearly is that which figures in Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America* (Philadelphia, 1863), and which is there inscribed as "engraved by A. W. Graham, from a painting by S. S. Osgood." Indeed, we could without difficulty believe that both the engraving and the photograph had come from one original, were it not that the former does not give any moustache, while the latter does give one—rather scanty than otherwise. There is also more of a general air of youth in the engraving.

MR. CUNLIFFE OWEN has a two years' leave of absence granted to him by the Lord President, on his appointment by the Prince of Wales as Secretary to the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. His duties as Director of the South Kensington Museum will be performed in the meantime by the senior Assistant-Director, Mr. Thompson, who becomes Acting-Director.

AFTER seven years' repeated remonstrances on the part of the Art Librarian at South Kensington on the insufficiency of accommodation for the readers, of whom last year there were upwards of 24,000, there is now about to be built a fitting reading-room for their use. The old entrance to the Museum, with its mass of small buildings adjoining, is being pulled down to give a suitable site for a new library.

AN illustrated edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels has just been published in Berlin by the firm of Grotte. The woodcuts are by P. Thumann, Eugen Klimsch, and a third artist, G. Urlaub, whose name is not so well known as those of the other two, and whose work is scarcely so good. Thumann, who is a pupil of Ludwig Richter, enters fully into the spirit of the great romancer whom he illustrates.

THE Photographic Society of Berlin have just published a series of fourteen of A. von Heyden's wall-paintings in the National Gallery of Berlin, and another of twelve Biblical landscapes in the same gallery, by J. W. Schirmer.

SOME portions of an ancient colossal statue to Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, have lately been dug up in the market-place at Prenzlau in digging the foundations for a national war-memorial. Old documents prove that this statue was *restored* in 1496, but when it was erected does not seem to be known. In 1737 it was destroyed by lightning, and the shattered pieces apparently buried where the statue had stood, only the sword and one arm being preserved and placed in the Rathaus, where they still remain. It is now supposed that the fragments can be put together and the statue restored.

THE German and French journals have been vigorously debating the reasons why the German Government refuse to take part in the French Exhibition of 1878, some assigning it to political motives, and others simply to the fact that everyone is tired of "the tyranny of exhibitions." Germany, say these, has done well to shake herself free from their yoke; while their opponents declare that Germany only refuses to exhibit because she finds herself at every exhibition outvailed by other countries, and particularly by France. There is a great movement in Germany towards the improvement of the national industries, and these, it is thought by many, are best developed by purely national and special exhibitions, as distinguished from great international shows.

THE sculptor, M. Paul Dubois, has just been elected to the seat in the French Academy vacant by the death of M. de Perraud. The other competitors were MM. Chapu, Crauck, and Millet.

A NEW edition of Vasari is announced by the Florentine publishing-house of Sansoni. It will be edited and annotated by Sig. Carlo Puri and the learned Cavaliere Gaetano Milanesi, whose researches have thrown light on many perplexed points in the history of Italian art, and who recently edited the Buonarroti documents published at the time of the Festival. It is much to be wished that this new Italian edition may lead to the preparation of a new English edition, carefully annotated. The one translated by Mrs. Jonathan Foster, and published in Bohn's Standard Library in 1850, is a most meritorious work for the time at which it was prepared, but so much has been discovered in the domain of art since that date, and the modern historians of Italian art, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, have thrown so much suspicion on Vasari's statements, even when they have not actually convicted him of error, that a careful sifting of the wheat from the chaff in his delightful biographies has become very necessary. The Lemonnier edition accomplished this to a great extent, but we may suppose that the new editors will carry on the process still farther.

A NEW museum has been opened in the Invalides of considerable archaeological and historical interest. It consists of a collection of costumes of war, and includes a series of thirty-six figures in the various armour and other equipments of the period from the time of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV.

THE STAGE.

"THE DANICHEFFS" IN ENGLISH.

In Paris, and wherever indeed the piece may be performed to an audience enamoured of French writing and French thinking, *The Danicheffs* owes much of its charm to the work of M. Dumas; but in London, and wherever the piece may be played to an audience with no Gallic sympathies, it is the original contribution of the Russian amateur, the self-styled "M. Pierre Nevski," that alone will count in the success. For it is not only that M. Dumas' contribution is the comedy-dialogue which some like, while M. Nevski's is the strong situations and the clashings of interests which move all: it is also that the comedy-dialogue is more commonly local in its bearings; it records M. Dumas' observations not on Humanity, but on the Russian. Now, generally it is Humanity—its weaknesses, its goodness, and its trouble—that is the interesting subject at the theatre.

The manager of the St. James's Theatre, or the adapter whom he employed, would have done well to have arrived at this quite simple conclusion before he presented us with the English version; for, as it is, the English version suffers by the presence of that which made the piece all the more attractive in the French. As a picture of Russian life before the abolition of serfdom, the piece is significant, indeed, but not elaborate. It has about as much local colour as the *Serf* of Mr. Tom Taylor: enough, that is, to give piquancy to the story, but not enough to dispense with a goodly store of narrative and intrigue. What there is, is interesting, but not sufficing. But such sketches of Russian life as pass before our eyes are commented upon by a witty Frenchman who has nothing to do with the action of the piece. His comments are addressed to Paris, and they smack of Paris. They are the epigrams of the Boulevards. They suggest comparisons, deal with conditions of life, with which the everyday English playgoer has nothing to do.

Well, all these things have been retained, and Mr. Hermann Vezin has been engaged to do justice to them. He talks pointedly. But the adapter has not put into the best of English what was originally in the best of French; and there is always against these things the common-sense objection that they are lost on the public for which the manager is bidding. Of two things, one. Either give us the comedy to the full—the sharpest French turned into the sharpest English, each allusion understood and illustrated by the actors, each scrap of drawing-room incident and repartee refined and made exquisite by art in acting not less delicate and sensitive than that of the first interpreters—or drop this altogether, and face the fact that you are dealing, not only with a rougher public, but with a foreign public: no longer, either, with the best audiences of the London season, but with the London pit and gallery for which the vigorous work of "M. Nevski," based on strong human interest, affords ample attraction, so only that you will not lessen it by retaining all of the very different work of M. Dumas. It is not the witticisms of the French *attaché*, Roger de Taldi, nor the acute study of the character of the Princess Lydia, that will interest the audience which an adaptation of a French piece—no longer, indeed, the piece itself—must mainly appeal to; it is the passionate love and trouble of the girl Anna, the self-sacrifice of Osip to whom she is but nominally bound, and the honesty and pluck of the young Russian noble who persists in making her his wife. Arranged quite wisely for the English stage, and for the capacities of our actors, *The Danicheffs* would cease to have any pretensions to comedy—would become, quite frankly, a stirring drama.

Parts of it are now, indeed, found sufficiently stirring, and it is these parts that are acted the best. But they are too much divided. Thus

it is that the effect gained in the first act is never quite sustained or renewed. In that act we have incident quickly following incident with nothing of the shock which is given by sensational effects that are arbitrary: one incident grows naturally out of the other: the young Count's declaration of his love for Anna, out of the preparations for his departure; the old Countess's scheme for disposing finally of Anna, out of his declaration; the emotions, wrought up to frenzy, of Anna, out of the Countess's scheme—the scheme by which the young woman is included in the arrangements for "the autumn marriages" among the serfs. Later on, the interest is greatly weakened by the discussions of the French *attaché* and the pretensions of the Princess Lydia at St. Petersburg; and we come back with half-diverted attention to the dramatic scenes of rivalry, mistrust, reconciliation between the young nobleman and lover and the nominal husband who has so faithfully served him.

The characters between whom is worked out the real dramatic action of the story remain the same in the written dialogue as in the French, but they are not quite the same to us, because one or two of them are presented on the stage with less of force and of subtlety in the expression of emotion, and the characters that do not suffer by their own interpreters suffer something by the interpreters of other characters, for by the inadequate rendering of one or two the concert is destroyed. The comedy portions of the story have two chief *dramatis personae*: the *attaché* and the Princess: Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mrs. John Wood. The true natural air is a good deal lacking to the scenes in which they appear, not only because Mrs. Wood's shrewdness and decisiveness are presumably those of middle-class women of the West, rather than of the ornaments of society at St. Petersburg, but also because the subordinate players fail of the necessary ease. Again, in the more dramatic scenes which fall to the share of Vladimir and Osip, the Countess and Anna (Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. John Clayton, Miss Fanny Addison and Miss Lydia Foote), the exceeding insufficiency of the agreeable actress who tries to represent the Countess is of quenching effect. Miss Addison, it is evident, does quite her best, but she is wholly out of place, and a weak point in the equipments of our stage is surely indicated by the fact that it can ever have occurred to a manager to cast Miss Addison for this part. We have comic old women, and genteel old women, but it was apparently thought better to engage Miss Addison (who is not an old woman at all, but who was sure to be inoffensive and not quite undignified) than to have a comic old woman who would not be a lady, or an oppressively genteel old woman who would not even try to be powerful. The piece gains by an actress like Miss Addison coming in to fill the terrible gap, but it loses by the absence of an actress who can identify herself with the character full of motherly love but yet engrossed with pride, and cruelly apt to forget humanity in the pride. Mdme. Fargueil represented the character with penetration and unshrinking fidelity. On the English stage Mrs. Kendal should some day be able to perform it; but meantime we have probably no one, unless, indeed, Mrs. Stirling could reappear.

Anna, the serf girl, is played by Miss Lydia Foote with unusual command of the traditional, and some command of the real and novel, pathos. Her long pleading in the first act, the great act, is impressive: is, indeed, undeniably forcible: her gestures here are rich: her movements ingenious and significant. Mr. Charles Warner, the Count Vladimir, plays in the later scenes not without expression of contained emotion and high feeling, though in the first act he is apparently not enough alive to the critical character of the request the Count is making of his mother. Here, but perhaps here alone, Mr. Warner wants more of mobility, and of the reality of hesitation and suspense.

No one could look more manly and genial than Mr. Clayton as the freed coachman who, in the kind intention of the Countess, is to receive the hand of the girl who loves her son; indeed, Mr. Clayton's too visible manliness is a little in his way in the part. There is nothing of that air of subjection about him which is pretty sure to last more than an hour after the delivery of the document that gives freedom to a life whose tradition has been of servitude. Otherwise, in grasp of the character and of emotions proper to it, Mr. Clayton is not at all deficient. It may be noticed that the part has something in common with that played by Mr. Clayton with the most notable success. Osip's pregnant words in the original French piece, "Those who love sacrifice themselves sometimes: those who are loved never do," might have stood as the motto of the drama which Messrs. Simpson and Merivale arranged from the great novel of Dickens.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A CHANGE of entertainment is happily imminent at the Olympic, where *Si Slocum* is to be withdrawn to make way for the *Queen of Connaught*. Mr. Henry Neville returns to the theatre, and Miss Ada Cavendish makes her first appearance there since the time when she acted in *Clancarty*.

MR. J. S. CLARKE, the American comic actor, has appeared at the Strand in two pieces with both of which his admirers are familiar.

FOR the admirable comedian, Mr. Compton, a benefit, and we hope an extremely successful one, is to be given as promptly as may be. It has been proposed that *Money* should be played on the occasion, and Mr. Irving, it is stated, has been asked to play Evelyn, and has declined. If the request was made, it does not seem to have been a very reasonable one, Mr. Irving having never before acted Evelyn, and the part necessarily involving an amount of work, with study and rehearsals, beyond that which is usually expected when a brother actor is to take a benefit. Mr. Irving may very likely play in something else. There is nothing, however, more difficult than the arrangement of performances for a benefit, and the insufferably frequent appearance, on these occasions, of scenes from pieces with which the public is absolutely familiar, is due, no doubt, not at all to a belief among the organisers of a benefit that these are the things the public will most readily pay to see, but rather to the disagreeable fact that these are the things which are most readily performed. The etiquette of the profession, we believe, makes it difficult for an actor to decline to go down to the theatre in the afternoon and give half an hour's aid to his brother, by the performance of a familiar thing; but it does not extend to the requirement that he shall learn a long part and rehearse it frequently and finally perform it on the afternoon in question, perhaps for once only in his life. Of course, the more an actor is inclined to yield and sacrifice himself, the more attractive becomes the performance, but it may end by being attractive at a cost too great for the actor and at a cost too small for the public.

MORE than one paper has mentioned the news of the death at New York, on Boxing Day, of Miss Amy Fawsitt, to whom a memorial word is deservedly due. When Miss Fawsitt first appeared in the *Two Roses* at the Vaudeville, only about six years ago, she promised much, and her subsequent performances of Lady Teazle and Lady Gay Spanker fulfilled much of her promise. Wanting, indeed, in dignity of appearance and manner, she was surpassed by few in genial and spontaneous vivacity. Her comedy-acting had something of French character. She should have gone much further. But suddenly her career stopped. Having played quite cleverly an ungrateful part in *The Road to Ruin*, she soon afterwards left the theatre. A considerable absence from the stage was followed by her re-

appearance, this time at the Court, with something only of her earlier merit and less of her early success. After not many months, she had made what was destined to be her last appearance on the London stage. Her intelligent and sympathetic brightness, in her best time, helped to give pleasant evenings to many playgoers, and did much for the first success of the Vaudeville.

MUSIC.

AFTER the usual Christmas vacation, the Monday Popular Concerts were resumed last Monday evening. The programme, though extremely good, contained but one work which had not been previously given at these concerts—Haydn's quartett in C, Op. 50, No. 2, which, if hardly one of the very best, is certainly by no means one of the least interesting of the eighty-three. Mozart's Divertimento for string quartett, and two horns, an old favourite at St. James's Hall, is always heard with pleasure. Mr. Chappell might make further experiments in the same direction. There exist two or three other compositions by Mozart for the same combination of instruments, of which Otto Jahn speaks highly. Mlle. Marie Krebs, whose excellent and thoroughly artistic playing has been too often praised in these columns to render it needful to dwell on the subject now, was the pianist of the evening, making on this occasion her first appearance in England during the present season. She chose as her solo Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and joined Signor Piatti in the same composer's sonata in F for piano and violoncello. This afternoon she is announced to play again, and the programme will also include Schubert's octett for strings and wind.

ON the evenings of January 18 and February 15, Mr. W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. Oxon, joint author of Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, will give two lectures at the London Institution. His first lecture will be on "English Madrigal Composers," and will be illustrated by a choir of twenty voices, selected from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Lincoln's Inn Chapel, &c., who will render eleven compositions by Edwardes, Byrd, Wilbye, Dowland, Morley, Bennett, Batson, Gibbons, Linley, De Pearsall, and Walmsley. The second lecture will be on "English Glee Composers."

IT has been for some time expected that Johannes Brahms would pay a visit to this country in March to receive, in company with Herr Joachim, the honorary degree of Doctor in Music at Cambridge, and that on that occasion he would conduct his new symphony in C minor. We now hear, on what we believe to be good authority, that it is at least doubtful whether he will come; we trust, however, that he may be induced to do so. He may depend upon a very hearty welcome.

ADOLPHE ADAM'S one-act opera *La Poupee de Nuremberg*, originally produced in 1851, was revived on New Year's Day at the Théâtre National Lyrique, Paris. Though written in six days, and while the composer was suffering from severe illness, the work is said to be in Adam's best manner.

A FRENCH translation of Eduard Hanslick's work, *Von Musikalisch-Schönen*, which was first published at Leipzig in 1854, and has already reached a fourth edition, is about to appear in the columns of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

AUBER's delightful opera *Le Maçon*, perhaps the best of all his early works, is to be revived at the Opéra Comique, Paris, on the 29th inst., on the occasion of the inauguration of the composer's monument.

M. PASDELoup has recently brought forward at the Concerts Populaires the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz, which had not been heard in Paris in its entirety since its first performance in 1832. The symphony was very warmly received.

THE San Carlo Theatre at Naples, after being closed for nearly three years, was reopened on the 26th ult. with Verdi's *Forza del Destino*.

VERDI has lately sent to the Syndic of his birthplace, Busseto, the sum of 16,000 lire, the interest of which is to be devoted to the musical education of specially gifted young artists who are natives of that town.

THE late Hermann Goetz's symphony in F was performed at one of the recent Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig. On the same evening a new violin concerto (manuscript) by Carl Reinecke was played by Joachim. The work is described as clever, but neither very original nor interesting.

WAGNER'S *Fliegende Holländer* has lately been produced at Philadelphia with such brilliant success that it is intended to give the work next autumn in New York.

WAGNER has returned from his visit to Italy, and is now once more in Bayreuth. It is expected that arrangements will shortly be made for the intended performances in that town. During his stay in Italy, Wagner has been diligently working at his new opera, *Parcival*, the libretto of which was written as long ago as 1866. The mainspring of the action of *Parcival* is the conflict between Christianity and Paganism. The work is said to be approaching completion; and the few who have been privileged to see the poem speak of it in the highest terms.

THE *Musical Directory* and the *Professor's Pocket Book* for the present year have been forwarded to us. The former more than sustains its high character for general usefulness, even a larger quantity of miscellaneous information being given than in previous years. Among the features which strike us as new are a summary of the chief legal decisions affecting music and the music trade which have been given during the past year, and also the record of the sales of musical copyrights, and of musical instruments, which will be found valuable for reference. The work is simply invaluable to all connected with the musical profession.

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